

10,000
"WANT"
OFFERS
Tomorrowin the Big
Sunday
Post-Dispatch
Directories

79, NO. 53.

EARTHQUAKE
SWEEP
ARMENIAN 'QUAKE
STONE, SHORTAGE
OF FOOD ACUTECaravans of Injured
Fearing to Re-
main in Stricken Area,
Seek New Abodes.WASTATION LIKE
AT OF SMYRNA FIRE1000 Houses Destroyed
Disaster — Fissures
in Mountains and
Water Spouts Opened.

Associated Press.
SMYRNA, Armenia, Oct. 30.—A
describable desolation, made
acute by the spread of mala-
ria and other diseases,
prevailed in the earthquake zone of
Asia where recurring earth-
quakes have kept the popula-
tion in a state of panic and de-
voted seven days and nights.
Government and Near East re-
ports, reveal that the casual-
ties of last week's great earth-
quake will be higher than at first
thought. The villages of Alexan-
dria, Daharlu and Karaklissa
had 152 persons buried in
ruins and 210 badly injured.
The same proportion of deaths
in the other 34 devastated
villages, the total loss of life will
be \$500, as against the 600
reported.

Associated Press.
SMYRNA, Armenia, Oct. 30.—
The earthquake has been made
of desolation in towns beyond the
Turkish border, although the
loss of life and property is
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POPE OFFICIATES
AT WEDDING OF NIECE

MISS MARY LOUISE RATTI.

By the Associated Press.
ROME, Oct. 30.—Pope Pius of-
ficiated at the marriage today of
his niece, Maria Luisa Ratti, to
the Marquis Eduardo Persichetti
Ugolini, councillor of the Nicara-
guan legation to the Holy See.

The ceremony was held in the
Mathilda chapel of the Vatican, in
the presence of Cardinal Gasparri,
papal secretary of state, other
members of the Sacred College, the
diplomatic corps accredited to the
Vatican and a few invited friends.
The floor and walls of the chapel
were covered with rich red dam-
asks in honor of the occasion.

After the ceremony, the Pope par-
ticipated in a family luncheon, sit-
ting at a separate table elevated
above the rest of the party.

Associated Press.
LONDON, Oct. 30.—The Coloni-
al Office today announced that
the percentage of standard rubber
production, which may be exported
at a minimum rate of duty from
Ceylon and Malaya for the quarter
commencing Nov. 1, will be 80.

The reduction from the present
100 per cent production was caused
by the fact that the average price
for the last quarter worked out at
20.19 pence, thus falling below the
21-pence minimum (42 cents).

A reduction to 80 per cent in the
amount of rubber which may be
exported at a minimum rate of
duty was expected by American
rubber importers under the Stev-
enson scheme of restriction.

Only a week ago the Colonial
Office decided that the Stevenson
scheme would continue for at least
another year, but under new regu-
lations. These regulations go into
effect on Nov. 1 and will not be
changed until November, 1927.

Associated Press.
BELGRADE, Jugoslavia, Oct.
30.—To satisfy himself of the
utility of the mole, a farmer filled a
large wooden tub with earth,
mixed 30 larva and two full-grown
cockroaches—common lamellicorn
beetles—into it. Twenty-five long
cylindrical worms were added to
the food more palatable. Then he
put the mole in the tub, placing
her netting over it. Twenty-four
hours later the mole was the sole
occupant of the tub.

In Tomorrow's Sunday
Post-Dispatch

How the World Series Was
Won in Advance.—The work of
building up a championship
team was a triumph of fore-
sight, good judgment of play-
ers and Hornsby's manage-
ment. Told by J. Roy Stock-
ton of the Post-Dispatch sport
staff.

The Man Who Has Lived Two
Lives.—This former St. Louisan
won high honors in his profes-
sion here. Then he quit, and
he went to the woods. Now he
has succeeded as an author.

Queen Marie of Rumania, a
Rooseveltian Lady.—An Eng-
lish Princess, she has tremen-
dous energy and soaring ambi-
tion. Her children all do well
under maternal guidance, and
her husband knows his place.

Steam That Never Knew a Boiler
Turns the Wheels.—In an
Italian valley, the world's hot
breath is being caught as it
spouts up through crevices and
is used profitably in power
plants.

The Duke of Orleans and Mrs.
Jarratt.—"Why?" asked Eu-
rope, when she late pretender
to the mythical throne of
France cut off his widow with-
out a penny and left a fortune
to an old friend.

The Battle of Berkeley Square.—
A whimsical short story by
Michael Arlen.

SMITH COMPARES
HIS FUND TO THAT
OF PRESIDENTIllinois Candidate Asks
"Who Finds Anything
Sinister" in Contributions
of Protected Interests.CITES EXECUTIVE'S
POWER OVER TARIFFSDeclares His Expenditures
Were Not Unreasonable,
and There Is No Charge
of Corruption.By the Associated Press.
CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Following
emphatic denial by the White
House that President Coolidge had
expressed an attitude on the Illi-
nois senatorial contest, Frank L.
Smith, Republican nominee for the
United States Senate, replied last
night to attacks by his opponents
based on primary campaign con-
tributions to Smith by Samuel In-
sull, Chicago utility operator, while
Smith was chairman of the Illinois
Commerce Commission.

Smith alluded in general terms
to financial methods of presiden-
tial campaigns.
"In a presidential year," he said,
"the great protected interests con-
tribute to the campaign fund of
the candidates who will give them,
or connive, a protective tariff.
Who finds anything sinister in
that?"

Smith's attitude was expressed in
a campaign speech, in which he re-
iterated that no one ever had
charged in connection with his pri-
mary campaign "that a single dol-
lar was spent for any corrupt or
immoral purpose."

"Hot House Feelings" Hurt.
"What then do publicity seekers
find that is not pure, and which
hurts their hot house feelings and
wound their exotic ethics?" Smith
said.

"They pretend to be shocked be-
cause I was a candidate for office
while holding office, and because
Samuel Insull contributed to my
campaign fund."

"When any President, Demo-
cratic or Republican, is a candi-
date for re-election does he resign?
Of course not. No candidate for
Governor resigns when running for
re-election, or for Senator, or for
President."

"And what if Samuel Insull did
contribute to the campaign fund
used in my behalf?"

"In a presidential year the great
protected interests contribute to
the campaign fund of the candi-
dates who will give them, or con-
tinue, a protective tariff. Who
finds anything sinister in that?"

Associated Press.
NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Jewels
valued at between \$50,000 and
\$60,000, which were lost by Mrs.
Edwin Knopf while she was re-
turning last week from a honey-
moon in Europe, have been found
and returned to her, detectives re-
ported today.

Mrs. Knopf missed the jewels
when she disembarked from the
steamship Conte Rosso upon its ar-
rival from Europe. The jewels
were in a handbag which became
separated from the rest of the
baggage. It was learned the hand-
bag had been placed by mistake on
a Bermuda liner and the jewels
were taken to Cuba and back be-
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CLOUDY, COOLER TONIGHT;
PARTLY CLOUDY TOMORROWTHE TEMPERATURES.
1 a. m. 47 f. 8 a. m. 45 f.
2 a. m. 46 f. 9 a. m. 44 f.
3 a. m. 45 f. 10 a. m. 43 f.
4 a. m. 44 f. 11 a. m. 42 f.
5 a. m. 43 f. 12 noon 41 f.
6 a. m. 42 f. 1 p. m. 40 f.
7 a. m. 41 f. 2 p. m. 39 f.
Yesterday's high, 56 f. (a. m.); low, 40
(11:30 p. m.).Official fore-
cast for St. Louis
and vicinity:
Tonight, partly
cloudy, with
rain; tomorrow,
partly cloudy;
colder tonight.Missouri: Part-
ly cloudy tonight
and tomorrow,
probably rain in
the southeast
portion tonight;
colder tonight in
the south and
central portions.
Illinois: Mostly
cloudy tonight
and tomorrow,
rain in the
southeast por-
tion tonight;
colder tonight.Arkansas: Tonight, partly
cloudy, rain in extreme east, cold-
er; frost in northwest if weather
clears; tomorrow partly cloudy.Next Week's Weather Outlook.
CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Weather
outlook for the week beginning
Monday: Upper Mississippi and
lower Missouri valleys and the
Northern and Central Great Plains.
Occasional periods of precipitation
throughout week, with variable
temperature, averaging on the
whole about normal.DOCTOR, 76, LOSES 37 POUNDS
DURING FAST OF 42 DAYS
Cincinnati Physician Attended to
Patients During His Period of
Abstinence From Food.Special to the Post-Dispatch.
CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 30.—Dr.
J. P. Geppert, 76 years old, for half
a century has been practicing medi-
cine in Cincinnati, completed a
fast yesterday of 42 days to reduce
his weight. He lost 37 pounds.
Dr. Geppert is 5 feet 6 inches tall
and weighed 186 pounds before the
fast.

"I drank plenty of water and
some lemonade and two or three
glasses of orange juice each day,"
Dr. Geppert said. "It was the first
three to five days that I felt the
pangs of hunger most. Eating has
become too much of a habit with
Americans—as a people, we eat too
much. I continued my work as a
physician. I think I attended to
my patients as well or better than
usual."

"What then do publicity seekers
find that is not pure, and which
hurts their hot house feelings and
wound their exotic ethics?" Smith
said.

"They pretend to be shocked be-
cause I was a candidate for office
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MISSING TELLER
REVEALS HOW HE
ROBBED BANKLetter From Fugitive Tells
of Embezzlement of
\$436,000 From Memphis
Institution.USED FUNDS FOR
BUSINESS VENTUREDeclares He Is "On Honor-
able Road" and Expects
to Repay Bank in Two
Years.By the Associated Press.
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 30.—
Courtney Glisson, 30-year-old teller
of the Bank of Commerce and Trust
Co., Memphis, who dreamed of
financing a business with branches
in a number of cities on \$436,976
he misappropriated from the
bank's funds, is being sought in
the eastern part of the United
States.

Glisson, an active church mem-
ber, who did not drink and whose
only bad habit was smoking, dis-
appeared Wednesday after he had
juggled his accounts in the savings
department of the bank for three
years. Yesterday a letter was re-
ceived by the bank officials, post-
marked Nashville, in which the
fugitive described his shortages so
accurately that bank examiners
were enabled to finish their work
speedily.

Prepared for Flight.
In the letter Glisson told how he
had kept concealed the shortage.
He kept an accurate record of his
pecuniary and had expected, he
said, that some day he would be
detected and he had made prepa-
rations for immediate flight.

How well he had laid his plans
was demonstrated by the fact that
Wednesday and found examiners
looking over his records he dis-
appeared and the next word from him
came in the letter received yester-
day.

Glisson was employed in the bank
before the war. He entered
the service and after the war re-
turned. He won rapid promotion
and enjoyed the confidence of the
officials of the bank.

Established Business.
Several years ago he became in-
terested in an auto-finishing propa-
gation. With money taken from
the bank he established branch
agencies for the product in Mem-
phis, Denver, Chicago, Kansas City,
Indianapolis, Dallas and other cit-
ies. One advertising agency is said
to have placed \$50,000 in advertis-
ing for the young bank teller last
year.

Glisson's shortage will be re-
duced \$100,000 by a surety bond
and the remainder has been
charged by the bank to the contin-
gency account. The bank maintains a
contingency fund and undivided
earnings of \$774,245.

In his letter to the bank, Glisson
declared that he "was on an honor-
able road," and said that he would
be able to pay all of the shortage
within two years.

Double Set of Accounts.
The letter specified each account
tampered with, giving serial num-
bers and added that this account-
ing was made "in order to save
the bank the expense of an audit."

The letter from the teller and
an auditor's examination showed
that Glisson had kept a double set
of accounts, the bank using the
card system. The teller tampered
with but 13 accounts. When
threatened by an expected exami-
nation Glisson would slip into his
records the dummy cards which
bore the correct accounts of the ac-
countants. At other times cards
were in the file showing the de-
posits as they actually were as a
result of his pocketing the money.

One reason for the letter to the
bank, Glisson explained, was to
make it clear that he alone was
concerned in the embezzlements
and that other employees knew
nothing of his schemes. He had
become a trusted employee, he ex-
plained and having attained a kind
of supervisory capacity was sus-
pected by no one and went un-
questioned.

The bank has a capitalization of
\$3,000,000 and assets valued at \$5-
450,559 above the shortage, an of-
ficial statement said.

Royalist Must Serve Sentence.
By the Associated Press.
PARIS, Oct. 30.—The Court of
Appeals yesterday sustained a pri-
son sentence of two years against
Charles Maurras, Royalist leader
and director of the newspaper
L'Action Francaise, for writing a
threatening letter to Abraham
Schrameck, minister of the interior
in the Herriot Cabinet. Maurras
was sentenced to two years im-
prisonment by default in the lower
court.

FLAMING ARROWS
SHOT BY INDIANS
ROUT MURDERERFugitive Negro Had Killed
Two Officers and Barri-
caded Self in His Barn
Home.SLAIN WHEN DRIVEN
OUT BY THE FIREBody Then Thrown Back
to Burn in Scene of Pio-
neer Days at Crow
Reservation.Special to the Post-Dispatch.
CROW AGENCY, Mont., Oct. 30.—
Jim Bolden, 40 years old, a Negro
cobbler, killed two officers and
wounded a third when they at-
tempted to eject him from the
Crow Reservation, and was himself
killed late yesterday by a posse of
300 who besieged the murderer in
the barn which he had made his
home. The Negro was only driven
forth to face the posse when flam-
ing arrows shot from the bows of
Crow Indians set his refuge ablaze.

Bolden was suspected of a series
of robberies on the reservation, and
had been ordered to leave by Sher-
iff Robert Gilmore of Big Horn
County, and Victor Three Irons,
chief of the agency police. Instead
of doing so, he fled to the barn,
killing Gilmore with a bullet when
the Sheriff pursued. From that
shelter he stood off the officers.

John McLeon, a special Federal
officer, also was killed and Deputy
Sheriff Andy Dornberger was
wounded by the defiant Negro.
Aid came from the Crow Indian
warriors, nearly 30 of whom,
armed with repeating rifles, took
up the siege when summoned by
the shooting to the scene. The Ne-
gro's marksmanship forced them to
cover.

What followed was like a scene
from pioneer days. Three big farm
wagons were brought up, and from
behind them as they were pushed
toward the besieged barn the In-
dians shot their old-time flaming
arrows—arrows near the tips of
which had been made fast excelsior
that had been drenched with oil.
This was set afire before the ar-
rows were shot, and its rush
through the air set the whole
afame. A score of these arrows,
their points sticking into the shin-
gled roof of the barn, set it ablaze
in many places.

The advance of the wagons to
ward the murderer's refuge was
protected from either side by rifle
fire.

Rather than brave the flames,
Bolden dared the posse. He rushed
from the blazing building and was
riddled by the Redmen's bullets. As
he fell the Indians rushed up and,
seizing his still quivering body,
flung it back into the flames.

NINE PENNSYLVANIA MINERS
KILLED BY GAS EXPLOSION
Three Brothers and Son-in-Law
Among Victims—Six of
Crew Escaped.

By the Associated Press.
WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Oct. 30.—
Nine anthracite mine workers
were killed in an explosion of gas
today at the No. 7 colliery of the
Susquehanna Coaleries Co. at Nan-
ticoke, and six others had a nar-
row escape. Among the dead were
three brothers and the son-in-law
of one of the three.

The explosion occurred in the
No. 16 plane of the old shaft of
No. 7 Colliery. Fifteen men were
employed in the section and nine
already had reported for work. The
other six were about to enter the
door when the blast occurred. Re-
covering from the shock, the six
quickly constituted themselves a
rescue squad.

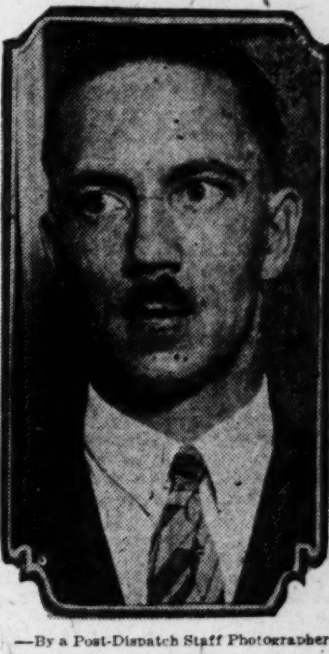
Two of the bodies evidently had
been blown 60 feet, the distance
between their working places and
the spot where they were found.
Black damp and caves filled the
workings following the explosion,
which made difficult the work of
rescuing the bodies of the other
seven men.

Company officials had no knowl-
edge of the cause of the explosion.
It is believed the gas accumulated
over a holiday yesterday and its
presence was not known until the
first workers entered the mine to-
day.

New World's Record Potato Yield.
By the Associated Press.
BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Oct. 30.—
An acre of potatoes belonging to
Ray Briggs, Neasecock Township,
yielded 688 bushels, a new world's
record, according to Pennsylvania
State College extension specialists
who witnessed the digging of the
crop. Briggs also held the acre
mark of 637½ bushels to the acre
made in 1924. He is 24 years old
and has led the State in potato
yields for three years.

TWO ROBBERS SHOT
BY DRUGGIST WHO
WAS READY FOR THEM

SHOOT 2 HOLDUP MEN



GOLBURN H. WILSON JR.

3750-MILE NONSTOP
FLIGHT SETS RECORDFrench Airmen Fly From Le
Bourget to South Persia in
32 Hours.By the Associated Press.
PARIS, Oct. 30.—The feasibility
of a Paris-to-New York non-
stop airplane flight is considered
to have been proved by Lieut.
Costes and Capt. Rignut, French
military airmen who have made an
aerial trip from Le Bourget,
France, to Jask, on the Arabian
Sea in South Persia. The distance
flown was 3410 miles. The time
was 32 hours.

The aviators are claiming a re-
cord only for distance in a straight
line between Le Bourget Air-
drome and Jask. The actual dis-
tance covered by them, counting
deviation from this straight line,
was about 3750 miles, which is
greater than the distance between
Paris and New York.

Costes and Rignut exceeded the
feat of Capt. Weiser and Lieut.
Challes of the French army, who
in September flew about 2250
miles, the exact mileage between
Brest and New York. They took
off from Le Bourget and landed
at Bander Abbas on the Per-
sian Gulf. The time of this
flight was 27 hours 20 minutes.
The flyers were handicapped by
bad weather throughout the jour-
ney.

Identified at Hospital.
Twenty minutes later two criti-
cally wounded men applied for
treatment at the St. Louis Baptist
Hospital, Garrison and Franklin
avenues. Wilson identified them
as the robbers; they insisted he
was mistaken.

The men were John Wade, 25
years old, who was shot in the left
chest and right arm, and William
Lauck, 22, who was wounded twice
in the back.

Wade, who has been arrested 40
times, served a three-year prison
term for stealing interstate freight,
and paid a fine for carrying a re-
volver. He was shot in the left
thigh by a Terminal Rail-
road switchman who caught him
in a box car, in 1923. The re-
volver, for possession, "which he paid
a fine, was stolen, along with \$1900
from a Kroger store collector in
1921. The collector failed to iden-
tify Wade as the man who robbed
him."

Refuse to Change Story.
At City Hospital, to which Wade
and Lauck were later transferred
as prisoners this morning, they told
this story: They are unemployed,
and yesterday afternoon, in a North
St. Louis park, they met two girls
and made an appointment to see
the girls, again at

BATTLE OF WORDS IS CONTINUED IN GANG OUTBREAK

Not Much Shooting but
Lots of Talking in Pres-
ent Williamson County
War.

CARL SHELTON IS
'YELLOW,' SAYS BIRGER

Harrisburg Man Again Says
He'll Kill Opponent, "If
I See Him"—Gives Opin-
ion of Three Brothers.

By a Staff Correspondent of the
Post-Dispatch.

MARION, Ill., Oct. 30.—In the absence of any further decisive action in Williamson County's newest blood feud, the threats of the two rival gang leaders are beginning to ring somewhat hollowly upon the trained ears here and the good citizens of the county are beginning to believe that there isn't going to be any war after all.

The present feud hasn't panned out just as even the most peaceable citizens here had expected. The county has been the battle ground of gunmen since the Civil War and the noncombatants in the various wars have come to know that the fighters did very little talking, and a whole lot of shooting.

The new "war," however, has been productive of very little shooting and a "heap of talking," as one of the county commentators remarked here yesterday in the Courthouse square.

When fights were fought, but they had no opportunity to fight. True, the faction led by Charley Birger has "shot up" one of the Shelton brothers' hangouts and the Sheltons, or their men, have burned a Birger roadhouse, strated his barbecue stand 10 miles east of here, and fired on his friend, Art Newman, and Newman's wife, on the hard road near "Shady Rest," Birger's roadhouse adjoining the barbecue establishment.

But what, the noncombatants are now asking, has the "war" produced to equal the terrific gunfight at Smith's garage in Harrisburg during the Ku Klux Klan trouble, where six men were killed, almost in the twinkling of an eye? What has the present "war" brought forth to equal the election fight of last April 13, in Harrisburg, the epic cigar store battle of January, 1925, in which the lean Ole Thomas and the saturnine S. Glenn Young shot it out for the last time.

More Glowing Compliments. "They say they've quit the county, do they?" he asked. "Well, that's a lot of bunk. My gang is here, if they aren't. Maybe they'll come over here and fight some time. Maybe they'll meet us somewhere else. Maybe they won't. But if they do, they'll get a warm greeting. We aren't going to let that crowd of hamburger bums run us out of our homes."

Birger goes into Harrisburg daily, followed by a cavalcade of cars filled with his supporters. Daily he walks about the square of the town which is one of the brightest, most up-to-date towns in this section of the State. His friends are among the most substantial men of the little city, and it is a common expression that "Charley Birger can borrow from any man in town because they know he's good for any amount."

Harrisburg's "Robin Hood." Birger himself had declared to this correspondent that he frequently borrowed large sums from Harrisburg bankers on his personal note and that fact was reiterated today by a Harrisburg business man.

Everyone in his own home town pictures Birger as a "square man," gambler, who won't let his fellow townspeople in his games, because "you can't win in a professional game." At his roadhouse visitors are often entertained by the substantial men of the town, and the gang chieftain obligingly sets the stage with his gang of armed retainers to give the scene a real setting.

Birger, as far as Harrisburg is concerned, is another "Robin Hood," who picks up harem-footed boys on the streets and clothes them, who is devoted to his children, and courteous to his acquaintances.

There are other quarters in which he is less popular. Navy Officer's Wife Ends Life. By the Associated Press.

SAN PEDRO, Cal., Oct. 30.—Mrs. Christine Loftin, 34 years old, the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Frank Loftin of the U. S. S. Tennessee, committed suicide by shooting herself last night at her home here, according to police. The naval officer told the police that he and his wife had quarreled and he had gone to bed. He was half asleep when he heard a shot and his wife fell across the bed shot just above the heart. Loftin said his wife frequently had threatened to take her life, but that he had not taken the threats seriously. Loftin was transferred to San Pedro from Washington a year ago.

GETS LIFE SENTENCE FOR INDIAN MURDER



WILLIAM K. HALE.

Louis. I threw a lot of insults at him that no real man would stand. And what did he do about it? Not a damn thing. I invited him to come down here and shoot it out. He didn't come. I told him I'd meet him and his mob half-way in the Okaw River bottoms, but they didn't show up.

Amateurs and Professionals. "And he's got a crowd of 'red-heads,' too, a bunch of professional trigger pullers, and roughnecks. All I've got here is a lot of my friends. They're not professional crooks like the men in Shelton's mob. They're coal miners and merchants, and clerks, but they're to help me out against that Shelton outfit."

"I'm not setting myself up as a hero. I'm just like any other guy. But there isn't any one bird I'm afraid of. It's only because the Sheltons took the first move in getting a gang together that I had to get some help, too."

Here Birger launched in a description of the Shelton boys as he viewed them, a vigorous portrayal couched in the language of the barroom, but spoken, for all its profanity, without a great show of bitterness.

"Bernie's a Hot Boy." "Carl is the brain of the crowd, but he's got no nerve," he said. "Where was he in that fight in Harrisburg on April 13? He led a lot of guys into a battle in the streets and when the bullets began to fly what became of him? He backed his car into a garage to get in out of the hot weather."

"Earl, well, he's no better than Carl as far as courage goes, but he's not a damn bit bright. I have to hand it to Bernie, though, he's a hot boy. He's got nerve and he'll go, but he's the only one in the family that will."

And so on. It was a succession of blood-heating taunts, which the gang chieftain obviously intends to be carried to the ears of his enemies.

More Glowing Compliments. "They say they've quit the county, do they?" he asked. "Well, that's a lot of bunk. My gang is here, if they aren't. Maybe they'll come over here and fight some time. Maybe they'll meet us somewhere else. Maybe they won't. But if they do, they'll get a warm greeting. We aren't going to let that crowd of hamburger bums run us out of our homes."

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LIFE SENTENCES FOR 3 OKLAHOMA INDIAN SLAYERS

William K. Hale, "King" of
Osage Hills, and Employee
Convicted; Nephew
Pleads Guilty.

"REIGN OF TERROR"
LASTED 4 YEARS

Trial Witnesses Included
Several Convicts, One of
Whom Escaped From
Room in Hotel.

By the Associated Press.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., Oct. 30.—Four years of investigation of the Oklahoma Osage Indian country "reign of terror," in which nearly a score of persons met mysterious deaths, has resulted in the conviction in Federal Court here of William K. Hale, wealthy cattleman, as the alleged leader of the slayers.

Known as "King of the Osage Hills," because of his extensive ranch holdings, Hale was arrested by State agents nearly a year ago with John Ramsey, cowboy rancher, on a charge of dynamiting the home of W. E. Smith, who, with his Indian wife and a white servant girl, was killed in the explosion. The State charged Hale plotted to kill the family to obtain control of a large fortune, secured by Smith's Osage wife from oil royalties.

With the finding of more bodies in isolated places the Government entered the case and when Henry Roan, Osage tribesman, was found shot to death in a pasture, Hale and Ramsey were charged with the murder. The Government claimed jurisdiction and the men were convicted in Federal Court here yesterday. Both were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Conviction of Hale and Ramsey places three of the alleged leaders of the "murder ring" under life sentence. Ernst Burkhardt, a nephew of Hale, previously convicted after a long trial that he was implicated in the Smith killings. He also was sentenced to life imprisonment, after naming Hale as the instigator of the plot.

Evidence throughout the Burkhardt and Hale trials was to the effect that Hale planned the killings and hired gunmen to slay the wealthy Indians. Ramsey confessed several months ago that he lured Roan to the pasture and shot him to death on a promise that Hale would give him \$500 and an automobile. Ramsey later repudiated his confession, claiming Government agents had obtained it under duress, which the secret service men denied.

Witnesses at the two trials included several convicts serving long terms in various middle western prisons. Dewey Self, a "squad man" serving a 25-year term in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, who was one of the last to testify, escaped from a hotel here last night. He was convicted of using the mails to defraud.

Hale's attorneys last night said they would appeal the verdict to the Circuit Court of Appeals.

EPIDEMICS SWEEP
ARMENIAN 'QUAKE
ZONE; SHORTAGE
OF FOOD ACUTE

Continued from Page One.
were all destroyed. Why is God so hard on Armenia?"

The Leninakan railroad station is choked with distracted people, eager to leave the scene of the suffering. Numbers of natives who have lost their families in the disaster have gone insane.

Blizzard Sweeps Country. A blizzard set in today, sweeping over the region devastated by last week's earthquake, and adding to the misery of the homeless survivors. Earth shocks continue intermittently; a particularly severe one was felt shortly after last midnight.

The situation of the shelterless population is desperate and the morale of many seems to have gone. The problem of caring for obstetrical cases is acute. At the appeal of the Armenian Government, three Near East Relief nurses have been assigned to care for the newly born babies, 72 of whom the earthquake ushered into the world.

George R. Story Dies. George R. Story, for 38 years manager of the collections department of the Globe-Democrat, died at his home, 5540 Maple avenue, at 10:30 p. m. yesterday, following a sinus infection. He was 54 years old. He is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Adele P. Long; a son, John R. Story, and a sister, Miss Isabelle Story. Funeral services will be held at the residence at 2 p. m. tomorrow. Interment will be in Bellefontaine Cemetery.

IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS MADE BY THE BRITISH COAL MINERS

Workers Tentatively Prepared to
Accept Lower Wages and
Longer Hours.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—Some hope of a coal peace appears after six months of the mining stoppage. The miners' leaders have for the first time made important concessions in conference with the general council of the Trades Union Congress, and the immediate result was a talk in Downing street between a union deputation and Chancellor of the Exchequer Churchill. The position appears as follows:

The miners are tentatively prepared for the first time to accept lower wages or longer hours, or both, provided they get a national agreement on hours and wages, covering from three to five years. This would admit defeat in the present fight but would save the miners' federation from the destruction threatened by the owners' present refusal to negotiate nationally and insistence upon district agreements.

MOSCOW, Oct. 30.—Another million rubles is on the way from Russia to help the striking miners in Great Britain. The announcement that the central council of the soviet labor unions was sending this money was made by the semi-official Russian news agency yesterday. A ruble is worth about 50 cents.

Up to Sept. 4 the central council of the "red" trade unions had transferred to London \$1,500,000 for the relief of the striking miners, bringing the total Russian contribution for that purpose to nearly \$4,000,000.

ALABAMA SUPREME COURT
NAMES K. K. K. IN DECISION

Grants New Trial in Assault Case
After Denouncing "Invisible
Pressure in Jury Box."

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Oct. 30.—In upholding the Court of Appeals decision granting a new trial to C. H. Bradley of Etowah County, sentenced to serve 10 years in prison on a girl's accusation, the Alabama Supreme Court in a decision Thursday condemned the activities of organizations which seek to direct the action of judges, juries and courts in the administration of justice.

The opinion, issued by Judge James Rice, specifically named the Ku Klux Klan. A card, which had been written to the defendant and to attorneys for the defense after the verdict had been returned, but before motion for a new trial had been argued, figured in Judge Rice's opinion which quoted the card as saying:

"Remember, every criminal, every gambler, every thug, every libertine, every girl runner, every dope dealer, every moonshiner, every crooked politician, and every pagan palad priest, every thug, every white slave, every brothel madam, every Rome-controlled newspaper, is fighting the Ku Klux Klan. Think it over. Which side are you on?"

In his opinion Judge Rice said: "If the Ku Klux Klan or any other organization or person placed silent or invisible pressure upon the jury box to secure this verdict of guilty, or if they or any one by other silent or invisible means unexplained or unexplained secured this verdict of guilty, then the trial court should have promptly granted this motion and given the defendant a new trial."

ITALIAN GANG LEADER HELD
TO GRAND JURY FOR KILLING

Alphonse Palazzolo Identified as
One of Men Who Shot Kustandiy
Ajeleony.

Alphonse Palazzolo, partner of John Giannola, in the wholesale sugar business, and one of the leaders of the Italian faction in the deadly feud with Chickens, was held for the St. Louis County grand jury without bond on a charge of first-degree murder at a preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace Ladd in University City yesterday.

He was identified by Louis Badr, a linen peddler, as one of three men who fired at him and his cousin, Kustandiy Ajeleony, Oct. 15, in the 7200 block of Greenville drive, University City. Ajeleony died of his wounds.

Palazzolo did not testify. In a plea for bond his attorney, Carl Dubinsky, told Justice Ladd that Palazzolo was suffering with a bullet wound in his right hand which was bandaged at the time of the attack on the linen peddler. Palazzolo was wounded in the first flareup of the gang feud.

EX-CONVICT USES AIRPLANES TO GET RICH ON LIQUOR

Frank G. Parker, Penniless
When Paroled 5 Years
Ago, Now Described as
Wealthy Sportsman.

INDICTED AFTER
RAID ON BREWERY

Served Two Years in Illinois
Prison for Auto Theft—
Flew to Aid of Marooned
Men.

By the Associated Press.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The story of a man who five years ago walked out of the Illinois penitentiary with only a few dollars, to become known as a wealthy sportsman through bootlegging operations in which a fleet of airplanes played a major role, was woven today about the indictment of Frank G. Parker.

Control of a string of illicit breweries, liquor distribution by air and extensive activities in Canada were high spots in the career outlined by Federal agents who said the indictment would halt the amassing of a fortune.

Flew to Marooned Loggers. Special Agent Pat Roche said the charging of Parker and eight other men with violating the prohibition law was a result of four years of trying work by the Government against one of the biggest and "smoothest" bootlegging schemes in the country. Specifically, the indictment charged implication in the operation of a brewery raided last June, in which 5000 gallons of beer and \$100,000 worth of distilling equipment were seized.

Parker broke into the front pages in 1923 by flying to a band of loggers marooned on an island in Lake Michigan by a blizzard, with food supplies, and two years ago he was made one of the backbones of the Carpenter-Gibbons fight at Michigan City, Ind.

In 1919 Parker was sent to Joliet as a chief of an automobile theft ring with headquarters in Minneapolis, and at the end of two years was paroled, his case being mentioned in connection with the prison inquiry last summer. Virtually penniless, Federal men said, he came to Chicago and began his successful operations.

Sought Withdrawal Permit. The suicide of a member of the Canadian Parliament in connection with a scheme charged to Parker was one incident related by the agents, and the operation of a large brewery at Fort Atkinson, Wis., was another.

Parker is said to be an officer of the Archer Products Co., Chicago, which has endeavored to force Federal Court litigation to force Prohibition Administrator Yellow to release an alcohol withdrawal permit for that company which he revoked.

Federal indictments also were returned against five officers of the Keystone Freight Corporation, alleged agent of an Eastern wine concern, and against Dr. Eugene Friedman, local agent for the California Wine Co. and R. J. Stowell, owner of a laboratory. The latter two were charged with attempting to bribe a prohibition agent to obtain approval for their permits from the prohibition department.

TRUST COMPANY DENIES IT
CONTRIBUTED TO DEMOCRATS

New York Concern Says \$5000
Listed As a Gift Is Merely
a Loan.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The New York Trust Co., through James G. Blaine Jr., its vice president, today called attention to an error in the official financial report of the Democratic National Committee, made public at Washington, Oct. 28, that listed his company as having contributed \$5000 to the campaign of Hugh S. Brien.

Blaine said: "The New York Trust Co. has not contributed any sums to any political parties and is prohibited by law from doing so. The facts are that the New York Trust Co. as an ordinary business transaction, has made loans from time to time to the Democratic National Committee. The \$5000 item referred to is one of these loans."

Gets 14 Years for Stealing. Marion Harris, 15-year-old Negro of East St. Louis, was sentenced yesterday to 14 years in the Southern Illinois Penitentiary at Chester by Judge Clegg at Belleville, on a plea of guilty to a charge of abducting to death James Lopez, a Mexican of his own age. The two youths quarreled over the affections of Annie Smith, a Negroess.

Toledo Museum Head Dies. TOLEDO, O., Oct. 30.—Funeral services for George W. Stevens, director of the Toledo Museum of Art, who died here yesterday, will be held Monday. He was widely known as a writer of fiction, as a musician and poet. He had been president of the Association of Museum Directors of the United States and Canada since 1919.

Smith Compares Insull Gift to Presidential Fund

Continued from Page One.

my Campaign Committee because he was against the renomination and re-election of my opponent. He had the same right to contribute to my campaign fund that any person or interest has to contribute to the campaign fund of any candidate for President. Senator, Governor or Mayor who advocates policies the contributing person or interest concurs in."

Magill issued a statement in which he said the corrupt political conditions in Illinois formed the background of this campaign. "The acceptance by my opponent of large contributions from the public utility monopolies, as revealed by the Senate investigation, made the issues of this campaign. My candidacy is a protest against these shocking conditions."

COOLIDGE DENIES
EXPRESSING VIEW
ON ILLINOIS FIGHT

By the Associated Press.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The position of President Coolidge as one of the non-involved in the senatorial election in Illinois was announced at the White House in a formal statement. It emphasized that he had expressed no attitude on the choice of a Senator in that state.

The statement was made public yesterday without comment. Prior to its preparation the attention of the White House had been called to a dispatch in the Chicago Tribune, which represented the President as having made certain comments on the candidacy of Frank L. Smith, Republican nominee for the Senate.

The text of the White House statement read: "For obvious reason it has been a policy of President Coolidge to assume no responsibility for press reports as to his position on public questions, made without official sanction. He has given no interview, made no statement, taken no position and expressed no attitude—for the purpose of influencing the choice of United States Senator in Illinois."

A summary of the Tribune article, submitted at the White House by newspaper correspondents, represented Mr. Coolidge as having made certain comments on the political situation in Illinois, particularly with respect to revelation before the Senate Campaign Funds investigation committee.

The President in issuing the statement broke for the second time a silence he has maintained throughout the present campaign. By formal statement last Sunday, he made his first departure from this policy by coming out in behalf of the candidacy of Senator Butler, in Massachusetts.

Coupled with his endorsement of Senator Butler, the President also spoke in favor of Gov. Fuller of Massachusetts, who is seeking re-election to the Republican ticket. At the time of his first statement, however, the White House made clear the President was speaking to the voters of his own State and could not be expected to take similar action in other state campaigns.

Neutral in Primaries. Mr. Coolidge also maintained a position of neutrality in primary campaigns last spring, excepting one utterance that was construed by some to constitute an endorsement of Senator Lenroot in Wisconsin, who subsequently was defeated for renomination. This took place last May at the dedication here of a statue in memory of John Brown. At the time the President spoke in praise of Senator Lenroot.

Although the opinion of Mr. Coolidge on the Illinois campaign has been sought, he has refrained from expressing any public view. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck & Co., was a guest of the President at the White House at the Adirondacks last summer, but at that time no word came from the President on the Illinois situation and Rosenwald said in response to questions that he could not discuss politics at the Summer White House.

Later, in testimony before the Senate Campaign Committee in Chicago, the name of Rosenwald was linked with the senatorial candidacy of Hugh S. Magill, Independent Republican.

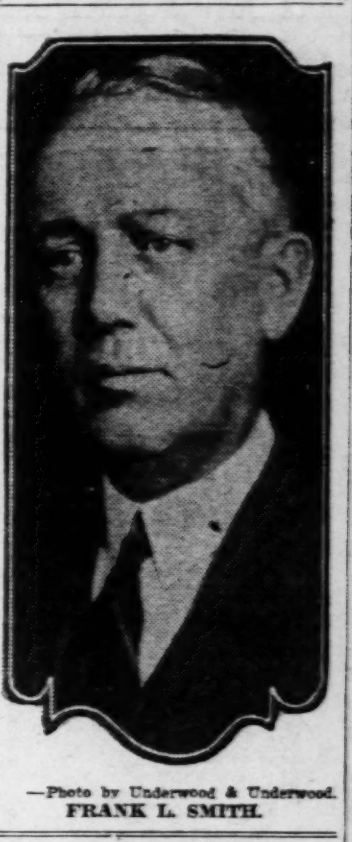
TWO YOUTHS TO BE HANGED
Only One Precedent for Sentence in
Chicago on Guilty Plea.

By the Associated Press.
CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—James Griecous, 21 years old, and Thomas McWane, 19, slayers of two men and a woman in a robbery, were sentenced today by Superior Judge Harry B. Miller to be hanged Dec. 31. The two pleaded guilty of murder. The hanging will be the only case of capital punishment imposed on pleas of guilty, with one exception, on the records of Cook County courts.

The previous case was the execution of Edward Fitzgerald for the murder of a little girl.

Tobacco-Laden Truck Is Stolen. A half-ton truck loaded with 10,000 cigars, some tobacco and cigarettes belonging to the General Cigar Co., 1517 Pine street, was stolen yesterday evening from in front of 6475 Delmar boulevard, University City, while the salesman, George Huffington, was making a delivery in the neighborhood. The merchandise was valued at \$500.

DEFENDS INSULL'S GIFT TO CAMPAIGN FUND



—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.
FRANK L. SMITH.

DR. W. SEWARD WEBB, RAILWAY BUILDER, DIES

Three Sons and Daughter Lose
Race With Death to His
Home in Vermont.

By the Associated Press.
BURLINGTON, Vt., Oct. 30.—Three sons and a daughter lost in a race with death to reach the bedside of Dr. William Seward Webb, railway builder, capitalist, physician and sportsman. Death resulted from a heart attack at his home, Shelburne House, near here. He was 75 years old. With Dr. Webb when the end came were his wife, the former Eliza Osgood Vanderbilt, daughter of the late William K. Vanderbilt, and a daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. Watson Webb.

Dr. Webb was the builder and a former president of the Mohawk & Malone Railroad, and a director of the Pullman Co., the Central Vermont Railroad and other transportation companies.

Early in life he studied medicine at Columbia University and at Vienna, Paris and Berlin. He maintained a residence in New York, but his later years had been spent on his estate. A 200,000-acre game preserve in the Adirondacks and his stables and kennels at Shelburne claimed a large part of his interest.

Besides Mrs. Webb, three sons, Seward, Vanderbilt and J. Watson, and a daughter, Mrs. Frederick Cyril Jones of Hyde Park, Mass., survive.

Tunney to Sail for Bermuda. By the Associated Press.
NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Gene Tunney will sail for Bermuda today.

Mexican Tax On Americans. By the Associated Press.
CALEXICO, Cal., Oct. 30.—All Americans and other aliens employed in Mexico across the Mexican border from here will be levied heavy taxes announced today. Thousands of Chinese as well as Americans will be affected.

A Table of Utility and Beauty
A hand-carved, solid mahogany Gate-leg Table of lovely lines and richly toned antique finish.

An unusual value. Dimensions: 37 inches high by 29 inches wide; closed, 12 inches deep; open, 37 inches deep.

\$48

LUCKS-ORWIG-LEROI
FURNITURE - DECORATIONS - DRAPERIES
1117-1119 LOCUST STREET

Cadillac Owners!
Remember that Halloween is hard on fine cars—To-morrow Night.

OLIVER CADILLAC CO.
Locust and Lindell Cut-off

FIVE YEARS FOR IN MAIL FRAUD

Judge Faris Imposes
Sentence Because Defendant
"Lied" on Witnesses

The belief of Judge Faris that Arthur L. Thorpe, 34 years old, of Chicago, had lied in his testimony upon the stand yesterday caused the imposition of a maximum sentence of five years in the penitentiary when Thorpe was found guilty of a jury of one of the mail fraud.

The complaining witness was W. Worley, a drug clerk, who stated that he had given Thorpe \$400 to add to \$300 to be given by Thorpe for the purchase of lumber with which to build a garage as an investment. Thorpe apparently had no money. However, the check was cashed by Thorpe, and later made restitution of the \$700.

Verne Lacy, attorney for Thorpe, reminded the Court that Thorpe had spent nine months in Federal prison for a similar offense. Although declining to accept that fact into consideration, Judge Faris sentenced Thorpe to five years in the penitentiary on the charge of "an open case of fraud."

Two women, who asked Thorpe to sit at counsel table and assist the defense of the case, confined their aid to the case when, in their opinion, the value of the defense was exhausted. This unusual action, permitted to continue under the report of plan to divide ERIE FROM MERGER

By the Associated Press.
NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—That the Erie Railroad was dropped from the proposed Erie Plate merger was disclosed yesterday by banking interests affiliated with the Van Sweringen group.

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"Alexander the Great" Goes Home



CROWDS crammed the streets of St. Paul, Neb., last Wednesday for the homecoming celebration of St. Paul's most illustrious son—Grover Cleveland Alexander, hero of the recent world series. His homecoming was a bit belated owing to numerous engagements, but this only added to the hilarity when he did appear. A huge barbecue in the evening marked the close of the celebration in St. Paul. Alexander is shown in the picture with his mother, Mrs. William Alexander.

JOHN R. BROWN OF ST. PAUL DIES IN HOTEL ROOM HERE

Secretary of United Charities in Minnesota City a Victim of Heart Disease.

John R. Brown, 60 years old, general secretary of the United Charities of St. Paul, died of heart failure in his room at the Missouri Hotel, City Club Building, at 1:30 a. m. today. He had telephoned the night clerk for a physician, who responded within 10 minutes, but by that time he was dead.

Mr. Brown had been ill from heart trouble for a year and had undergone treatment in a St. Paul hospital up to three weeks ago. He left the hospital to aid in the Community Chest drive in St. Paul, in which he was active, and then came to St. Louis to attend the annual conference of the secretaries of the United Charities organizations of the Mississippi Valley, in which he was a leading figure. He was also president of the St. Paul Social Workers' Association. Before going to St. Paul three years ago, he was an instructor in the department of sociology in Rochester University, Rochester, N. Y.

His wife and two children have been notified.

TEMPORARY HIGHER TELEPHONE RATES ARE EXTENDED 90 DAYS

Southwestern Company Hopes to Make Increased Business Phone Charges Permanent.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

JEFFERSON CITY, Oct. 30.—An order extending the temporarily increased business telephone rates in St. Louis for another 90 days, ending Jan. 31, was issued by the State Public Service Commission yesterday, pending a decision in the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company's plea to make the rates permanent.

A hearing is set for Nov. 17 on the request of City Counselor Muench of St. Louis. Report of accountants of the commission to the effect that the temporary rates were justified, will be heard.

The commission in June, 1925, advanced the business phone rates for 13 months in a sum estimated to yield the company \$84,497 additional revenue. When the 13 months expired the commission's audit being still in progress, an extension of the temporary rates was granted to Oct. 31.

EX-POLICEMAN KILLS HIMSELF

Bedridden Man Takes Life With Service Pistol.

Thomas L. Brown, 58 years old, a former policeman who had been bedridden for 18 months, shot and killed himself today at 7:30 a. m. in the home of his son, Charles Brown, 5365 North Broadway. His wife, Mrs. Brown, and his daughter-in-law were in the home at the time.

Brown had been permitted to keep his old service pistol under a pillow of his bed, as he desired, even though he frequently had discussed ending his life. He was stricken while on duty last year, after having served in the Police Department since 1902, and was retired under the disability clause of police regulations after he had been ill six months.

Fatally Hurt by Street Car.
Mrs. Cornelia Darden, 50 years old, a Negro, of 2649 Morgan street, died at City Hospital No. 2 last night of a fractured skull, suffered Wednesday night when she was hit by a southbound Park car on the Eighteenth street viaduct. She was crossing the viaduct when the accident occurred.

QUEEN OBSERVES 51ST BIRTHDAY IN NORTH WOODS

While State Ceremony Is Held in Distant Bucharest, Marie Has Simple Party on Train.

WILL ARRIVE IN WINNIPEG TONIGHT

Royal Party Expects to Reach St. Paul Sunday Afternoon—Quiet Trip to Western Canada.

By the Associated Press.

QUEEN MARIE'S TRAIN, EN ROUTE TO WINNIPEG, Oct. 30.—The United States again will take up the role of host to Queen Marie and other members of the Rumanian royal party on Sunday, to keep it throughout the remainder of the continental tour except for a few hours which will be spent in Vancouver, Nov. 5.

Winnipeg, the party's destination since it left Ottawa Thursday night, will be reached tonight, and St. Paul, the next American stop, will be reached Sunday afternoon. Queen Marie expects to attend services at a Rumanian church in St. Paul, and Prince Nicholas and his sister, Princess Ileana, also are looking forward to spending some of the day in Minneapolis.

Queen's 51st Birthday.
Queen Marie yesterday celebrated her fifty-first birthday anniversary with a state luncheon in the dining car of her private train as it sped toward Winnipeg through the northwoods country. The Queen, Princess Ileana and Prince Nicholas sat at separate tables and chatted with the others over the meal. Champagne glasses were raised in toast to her majesty, King Ferdinand, President Coolidge and Governor-General Viscount Willingdon of Canada.

"God bless you, mummy," said Nicolas to his mother as he lifted his glass. "Thank you, Nickey," was the reply.

A birthday cake presented to Marie last Monday by the New York Central Railroad was cut at the Queen's table, each guest receiving a portion.

The birthday gifts of Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana to their mother gave no indication that Queen Marie is going to give up smoking an occasional cigarette. The Prince gave his mother an enameled cigarette lighter, while the Princess gave a silver lighter.

Cablegram From King.
Many other gifts came from members of the entourage along with cablegram congratulations from Government officials in Budapest. Prince Karol, the former heir to the throne and now in Paris, also remembered the day with a message.

The best gift of all, in Marie's own words, was a cablegram from King Ferdinand, extending his love and greetings and declaring himself to be in good health. Recent reports, attributed by a spokesman to the Queen for radical elements abroad, said the Queen's tour was to be terminated immediately because of the King's failing health.

The informality of the luncheon was reflected in the Queen's garb, a simple blue dress. She wore a crocheted pearl studded head dress and a rope of pearls with two large diamond pendants.

Crag, the Queen's spang, entered the dining car with the royal party and spent the time in dodging waiters' heels, begging for scraps at every table and barking sharply when nothing was handed him. He got a piece of the birthday cake, however, tossed him by the Queen herself.

The occasion of her natal anniversary turned Marie's thoughts back to Rumania as she related numerous incidents of the life of the royal family. She met the English nurse whom they all cherished and whom at each anniversary of the Queen's birth, cast hints about that she would be unable to attend the state dinner because she had no new dress.

Laughingly, Marie explained that a new raiment for the nurse always was forthcoming.

The Queen spoke of King Ferdinand and of his mannerisms that amused her, and she described five-year-old Prince Michael, the heir apparent, whom she calls Mickey, as a precocious youngster who says funny things, falls in lakes, gets bitten by dogs and who calls her "granny." Princess Ileana added the information that Mickey has two very pretty dimples.

Pilot of "Side-Swiped" Engine Dies
By the Associated Press.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Oct. 30.—William McCormick, 48 years old, of Chicago, an engineer for the Milwaukee Railroad, died today from injuries received when his switch engine was "side-swiped" by a Milwaukee passenger train on a switch track west of Davenport.

Harry White of Davenport, McCormick's fireman, is in Mercy Hospital, Davenport, with minor injuries. The switch engine was badly damaged. Persons in the passenger train were not hurt.

LETTER TO RADIO MAN URGED HIM TO STAY AWAY

Mrs. McPherson Is Declared to Be Author of Love Note Given Out by Prosecutor.

"DON'T LOSE HEAD AND COME FORWARD"

Evangelist's Public Appeal for Ormiston's Return to Answer Charges Offset in Private Message.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 30.—"Don't come forward." While Alinee Semple McPherson, woman evangelist, was asking that Kenneth G. Ormiston, former radio operator at Angelus Temple, come to Los Angeles to clear her name—to divulge the identity of his companion at Ormiston, former radio operator at the sensational announcement of District Attorney Asa Keyes today.

That sentence, according to Keyes, was in a letter written by Mrs. McPherson, but a letter which never reached the man for whom it was intended. Keyes declared he had photographs of this letter. "The identity of the writer of that letter," he said, "is so plain that an expert's testimony was hardly necessary. It was positively written by Mrs. McPherson."

The missive was posted from Los Angeles on Sept. 27. It arrived in New York Oct. 2.

"Putting Up Noble Fight."
The letter, as it has been decoded by Keyes, whose translation was necessary, follows:

"Dear darling man: This is from a girl who loves you with all her heart! Muff! Putting up noble fight here. Now for your sakes, keep cool. Don't lose your head and come forward. That would be awful. You're doing fine. That person did not get your letter, so you are all right on that score. I don't want you to think that your B. W. (beloved woman) did those silly things—those folks were plants who forced you in. Think everything will ultimately be all right!"

Don't worry sick dear. If I were sure you would get this I would send you thousands of dollars. How can I tell? Oh, I love you dear, darling man. I love you with all my heart. Why did you let me come back? Forever—some day all will sure come right! Now cheer up! You are doing fine and I will be K. O. I think unless "E" breaks—and God forbid that happening. He did that end down what ever you do. And leave the rest to me. God bless you and comfort you my dear—this is hard enough for me but poor you—you must be nearly insane. Poor little Babe wants N. but going down there today and growl at the world to beat the band—head up now—and whatever happens don't come. Your own darling woman that's always yours.

Authorities Examine Trunk.
The letter, which was printed, contains characters such as the printing on her "light and dark sermon" which Mrs. McPherson was preparing and left on the beach at Ocean Park on May 18, the day she disappeared, according to Keyes.

Meanwhile, officers of the District Attorney's office are busy identifying the clothes which were found in a trunk belonging to Kenneth Ormiston—a trunk containing women's clothes—which was seized in New York.

A strand of hair—reddish in tint—which was found in a lace bodice cap, one of the articles in the trunk, is expected to go a long way in establishing the identity of the owner, according to Keyes. This single strand of hair, along with strands of Mrs. McPherson's hair, will be examined by E. O. Heinrich, Berkeley criminologist, in an effort to prove that all of the strands are from the same head.

Cleaner Recognizes Garment.
The Examiner says that a white flannel sport blouse, one of the articles of feminine apparel in a trunk seized in New York, as belonging to Ormiston, has been identified by W. C. Farley, owner of a cottage at Carmel, Cal., as property of the mysterious woman who spent 10 days with the fugitive radio man at the cottage immediately following the disappearance last May of Mrs. McPherson.

The clothing is expected by the authorities to form the link with which they will definitely connect the Angelus Temple evangelist with the contents of the Ormiston trunk and to supply proof of the State's charges that she was the radio man's companion instead of a captive in a desert shack in Mexico.

Farley, who also owns a clothes cleaning establishment at Carmel, identified the clothing by laundry marks. He told investigators he personally delivered the blouse on May 19 to the Carmel cottage occupied by Ormiston. He said he was met at the door by a woman who received the blouse, together with two dresses.

Farley declared the blouse, two dresses and two suits of clothes brought to his establishment by "George McIntyre," the name

POLITICAL MEETINGS TODAY

REPUBLICAN.

In St. Louis.
Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War, will be the principal speaker at a meeting of wards 25, 26, 27 and 28 at the Wednesday Club Auditorium, Taylor avenue and Westminster place. Other speakers scheduled are Charles Nagel, John S. Leahy and Mrs. Mary Haight.

Outside St. Louis.
Senator Capper of Kansas: Savannah, 2 p. m.; St. Joseph, 8 p. m. Congressman Cleveland A. Newton: Lebanon, 2 p. m.; Rolla, 8 p. m.

Former Gov. Hyde: Maryville, 8 p. m.
Dr. Dewey Short of Southwest Teachers' College: Poplar Bluff, 8 p. m.

Dr. Horace Ellis, assigned by Republican National Committee: Carrollton, 8 p. m.

United States District Attorney Brewer of St. Louis: Branson, 8 p. m.

Lieutenant-Governor Bennett: Bolivar, 8 p. m.

Mrs. Bessie Parker Brueggeman: Rolla, 8 p. m.

The Rev. Richard Reed, chaplain Minnesota State Senate: Purdin, 8 p. m.

The Rev. Frank C. Fay of Chillicothe: Clarence, 8 p. m.

DEMOCRATIC.
In St. Louis.

Tower Grove Social Gymnasium, Grand boulevard and Junata street, 8 p. m. Lawrence McDonald, Irwin Sale and others will speak.

Outside St. Louis.
Former Gov. Gardner and former United States Senator Williford: Excelsior Springs, 2 p. m.; Chillicothe, 8 p. m.

Charles M. Hay of St. Louis: Bloomfield, 2 p. m.; Cape Girardeau, 8 p. m.

W. E. Kamp of Kansas City: Cabool, 7:30 p. m.

W. D. Vandiver of Columbia: Tebbets, 2 p. m.; Mokane, 8 p. m.

United States Senator Caraway of Arkansas: Maryville, 2 p. m.; St. Joseph, 8 p. m.

W. J. Driver: Albany, 7:30 p. m.

Henry L. Jost, former Mayor of Kansas City: Maryville, 7:30 p. m.

Congressman William L. Oliver of Alabama: Lawson, 2:30 p. m.; Richmond, 8 p. m.

Harry B. Hawes, candidate for United States Senator: St. Charles, 1:30 p. m.; Washington, 8 p. m.

Burglars Rob Clothing Store.
Burglars entered the Credit Clothing Co., 4367 Page boulevard, early yesterday and stole clothing valued at \$395, according to a report to police made by Philip Kogan, proprietor. The burglars removed iron bars from a rear window to get into the place.

which Ormiston admitted using at Carmel.

Cable for Substitute Preacher.
Checking of Ormiston's movements as disclosed by the record of the trunk disclosed that on May 6, the day of the radio man's departure from the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena, Mrs. McPherson was reported to have called a minister at London named Jeffries asking if he could come to Angelus Temple to preach for two months. The District Attorney's office said that the London cable had been known by him since last July. The cable said that the minister's expense would be paid if he accepted the offer.

The District Attorney's office is attempting to determine the manner in which a handkerchief with the name of Paul Rader on it found its way into the Ormiston trunk.

Rader, an evangelist, occupied the pulpit at Angelus Temple while Mrs. McPherson was in Europe and the Orient during the early part of this year.

"Always Losing Handkerchiefs," Mrs. Rader Says.
By the Associated Press.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The finding of a handkerchief bearing the name of Paul Rader in Kenneth G. Ormiston's trunk at New York, in the latest development of the Alinee Semple McPherson case, seems entirely without significance to the Chicago evangelist's wife because "he's always losing them."

"It's ridiculous to attempt to attach any significance to the finding of that handkerchief," Mrs. Rader declared. "Why, he leaves them everywhere he goes."

Mrs. Rader said she did not believe the evangelist had seen Mrs. McPherson more than twice in his life, nor Ormiston more than once, when Rader rented Angelus Temple in Los Angeles last January.

WHAT SUNDAY'S POST-DISPATCH

REAL ESTATE AND Want Directories

Will contain may be judged by the following

10,200 Offers

Printed Last Sunday

Situations Wanted 375
Help Wanted 800
Business Opportunities 425
For Sale and Wanted 1300
Automobiles, Vehicles 1100
Rooms and Board 1075
Houses, Etc., for Rent 2600
Real Estate and Farms 2100
Lost and Found 66
Financial 97
Instruction 44
Miscellaneous 250

The POST-DISPATCH printed MORE than TWICE as many Want Ads as the OTHER Sunday Newspapers.

6 PERSONS INJURED IN AUTO ACCIDENTS

Three Children Seriously Hurt; Woman Knocked Down When Crossing Street.

Six persons, three of them children under 8 years of age, were seriously injured in automobile accidents yesterday.

Robert Kern, 7 years old, of 2204 Dodder street, was running from the west to the east side of Jefferson avenue at St. Louis avenue, at 7:10 p. m., when struck by the machine of Edward Garth, a contractor of 705 Clarence avenue. He suffered a fractured skull.

Robert Glidden, five years old, of 4437 Morganford road, was riding on a coaster wagon in a driveway leading off of Taft avenue just west of Morganford at 5 p. m. when he coasted into the passing automobile of Clarence Kerber of 4470 Taft. He suffered a fractured skull and internal injuries.

Boy Knocked Down.
McKinley Brady, five years old, of 3122A School street, was crossing the street in front of 1195 North Compton avenue at 6:30 p. m. when knocked down by a coupe driven by Mrs. Ellen Captick of 3644A Easton avenue. He suffered a fractured skull and concussion of the brain.

While crossing the street in front of her home, 4431 South Grand boulevard, Mrs. Emma Brinkop, 21 years old, was knocked down by the machine of Edwin Pfleger of 3153A Osage street, at 6:25 p. m. She suffered a fractured skull and fractured ribs. Pfleger said she walked in front of his car from behind a parked machine.

Frank Story, 22 years old, of 3816 Shaw avenue, was found lying unconscious in Pine boulevard at Beaumont street by a Negro driver of a coal wagon at 5:30 p. m. The Negro hauled him in the wagon to the Laclede Avenue Police Station, from which he was sent to the City Hospital. He had suffered a fractured skull and it was believed he had been hit by an automobile. He was unable to talk.

Man Hit by Coupe.
Mrs. Tullie Cartledge, 31 years old, a hairdresser, of 4241 North Drive, University City, was turning into Russell boulevard from Oregon avenue at 6:15 p. m. when her machine struck Henry Johlhaupt, 55 years old, of 2011 Virginia avenue, knocking him down. He was taken to the City Hospital in a critical condition from a fractured left arm, possible fracture of the skull and internal injuries.

Mrs. Fern White, 34 years old, a widow, of 4013 West Pine boulevard, was taken to the city hospital at 6:15 p. m. by her son, Floyd, who related that when they were driving a short distance west of Mulberry Grove, Ill., earlier in the afternoon, he lost control of the machine and it plunged into a ditch, striking a telephone pole. The machine was wrecked and Mrs. White suffered a fractured left leg and serious internal injuries. They were brought to the city by passing motorists.

Leo A. Burns of 2017 Rutgers street, driving over Fourteenth street viaduct last night, swerved to avoid hitting a car and rammed against a brick parapet, knocking down 50 feet of it. He abandoned his car on the brink and went home, where he was arrested for malicious destruction of property.

Baby Scalded to Death.
QUINCY, Ill., Oct. 30.—The 3-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dick of this city died yesterday noon, a few hours after its mother had accidentally poured scalding water over the infant when she suffered a dizzy spell.

machine and it plunged into a ditch, striking a telephone pole. The machine was wrecked and Mrs. White suffered a fractured left leg and serious internal injuries. They were brought to the city by passing motorists.

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Featured in the Big Sunday POST-DISPATCH

Steam That Never Knew a Boiler Turns the Wheels—in an Italian valley, the world's hot breath is being caught as it spouts up through crevices and is used profitably in power plants.

THE BIG SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH Color-Roto Magazine

Featured in the Big Sunday POST-DISPATCH

The Duke of Orleans and Mrs. Jarrett—"Why?" asked Europe, when the late pretender to the mythical throne of France cut off his widow without a penny and left a fortune to an old friend.

THE BIG SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH Color-Roto Magazine

A. S. ALOE STONE
LISTED TO TRADE
SELLS ABOUT

12.00	12.88	12.92-94	12.72	12	Gu Exp
13.21	13.08	13.16-18	12.93-97	10	Guas S
13.43	13.33	13.39-40	13.18-19	47	Gu C E
RK, Oct. 30.—Cotton futures				3	Greenk
December, 12.55c; January,				2	Haiti C
Feb. 12.96c; May, 13.18c; July,				4	Holl A
				117	Hung C
				6	Indus E

[illegible]

Bond Sales—Continued

RAILROAD

Sts.	Security.	High.	Low.	Close.
1	4 Gen 7 37	109 1/2	109 1/2	109 1/2
11	GT Nor 7 36	109 1/2	109 1/2	109 1/2
12	GT Nor 7 36	109 1/2	109 1/2	109 1/2
13	5 Houston Rtr 5 37	109 1/2	109 1/2	109 1/2
21	Hudson Rtr 5 37	109 1/2	109 1/2	109 1/2
22	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
23	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
24	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
25	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
26	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
27	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
28	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
29	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
30	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
31	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
32	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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39	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
40	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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121	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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139	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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168	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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175	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
176	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
177	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
178	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
179	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
180	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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182	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
183	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
184	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
185	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
186	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
187	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
188	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
189	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
190	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
191	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
192	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
193	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
194	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
195	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
196	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
197	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
198	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
199	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
200	Ill C 3 34	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2

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BON & CO.
ST. LOUIS
Exchange

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1926.

PAGES 11-14

PART TWO.

WILLIAMS POSITION UNREPRESENTED, HAWES DECLARES

Democratic Party Is
Not for Free Trade, as
Charged in G. O. P. Ad-
vertisement.

ST. CHARLES AND WASHINGTON TODAY

Williams' Record in Senate
Discussed in Addresses at
Perryville, Ste. Genevieve
and Bonne Terre.

During his closing days of the
campaign to counties near St.
Louis in which Senator Reed ob-
tained a big vote in 1922, Harry
Hawes, Democratic nominee for
United States Senate, spoke
yesterday in Perryville, Ste. Gene-
vieve and Bonne Terre, stressing in
each place Senator Williams' fail-
ure to take a definite position on
prohibition, and the charge that
the Republican organization was
deceiving the voters by
presenting the Democratic party
as a "free trade" party.

This afternoon Hawes speaks in
St. Charles and tonight in Wash-
ington.

In all of his speeches as-
serted that Senator Williams had
been afraid to take a position on
prohibition, and that
Williams had been "on every side
of every subject." He referred to
Williams' position of advocacy of
prohibition as "a position of
neutrality," and said that
Williams was a candidate "who sought to
letting the voters know
he stood."

Hawes gave own idea of tariff.
Hawes read to his audience a
paper advertisement by the
Republican organization pleading
votes on the ground that a
mercantile administration would
create an era of free trade.

For cool, deliberate misrep-
resentation and dishonesty, this ad-
vertisement exceeds anything that
has ever been in any campaign.

Hawes asserted that not within his
knowledge had any Democratic plat-
form advocated free trade, and that
there was not a candidate on the
Democratic ticket who favored free
trade. He quoted from his cam-
paign speech in St. Joseph
showing his position then and
now in this language: "There
has passed when there is an
era of free trade. There is a
proper measurement in
tariff of the wage scale and
tariffs of living in this country,
contrasted with those of Eu-
ropean nations."

Hawes further quoted from his cam-
paign speech in St. Joseph
to a point which will ade-
quately protect the wage earner,
which will reduce the huge tax
placed upon the consuming
power.

How Reed was wooed.
The facts are that the last drive
by hypocrisy and deceit is under
the name of "free trade," and
because of this it will fail as
have others.

The first great drive made by
Governor Wilson was to se-
cure the vote of Reed Democrats.
For this purpose he made vio-
lent political love to our senior
Senator.

He finally told the Senator and
the other Senators that he had
been called to account by Gov-
ernor, who had appointed him, he
said that he had told the Senator
he had voted for him, and said
he had voted for Brewster.

He pressed the Governor's ap-
pointment to finally tell the pub-
lic he was deceived, Senator Reed or
Baker. But he has refused to
do this. This was a case where he
did not use the referendum.

At Once Wet and Dry.
The second drive, and the most
important of all, was to try to
secure the vote of Wilson Democrats
by the Governor's Senator, and the
goal for these votes was quickly
reached by Mr. Hay, Judge Cock-
land and Mr. Meredith.

The third drive was made in
divisions; one was for dry
in the country and the other
for wet votes in the city. But
divisions became separated.
They were unable to unite, so the
great drive failed, pending a
referendum.

The fourth drive was headed by
the, who directs the poison gas
campaign, and this failed because the
poison was so poisonous that it de-
stroyed Hyde and incapacitated the
Governor's Senator. Now comes
the last and final drive, misrep-
resenting my position in the tariff
tariff.

Reviews Williams' Record.
The public now knows that the
issues of the campaign have
been discussed by Gov. Sam
McClure's appointee. The reason is
simple; he is afraid to discuss
the record in the Senate is not
in support of the Coolidge ad-
ministration. His first official act
was to vote in opposition to Presi-

TIDE RUNNING AGAINST BUTLER, BUT LETTER OF COOLIDGE MAY SAVE HIM

Until President Intervened, Massachusetts
Senator Was Beaten—Country Vs. City—
Walsh to Get Wet Republicans.

By CHARLES MICHELSON,
A Staff Correspondent of the Post-
Dispatch and New York World.
BOSTON, Oct. 30.—If Senator
Butler pulls out of the desperate
situation in which he finds himself
at this stage of the campaign, his
salvation will be due to President
Coolidge's last-minute intervention.
The President's letter and his com-
ing to Massachusetts to cast his
ballot, after having arranged to vote
by mail, may turn the tide that
has been setting so strongly against
the Republican national chairman,
who seeks election to his present
seat in the Senate.

That is one phase of the Bay
State situation. Another and far-
ther-reaching one is that Mr. Cool-
idge, perhaps, for the first time in
his career, has taken a perilous
gamble on a political situation. As
long as he stood aloof, Butler
might have been defeated without
it being definitely contended that
the President had been set down
in his own State. Now, if Butler
goes under, the inference cannot
be escaped that the President has
made it his own fight. Thousands
of Republicans who have been in-
sisting they could vote for David I.
Walsh without disloyalty to Cool-
idge are placed in a most embar-
rassing situation.

It is by no means certain the
President's tardy yielding to But-
ler's call for help will accomplish
what it was meant to do. In fact,
a good many people are compar-
ing his letter to the ill-fated de-
mand by Woodrow Wilson for
Democratic Congress in 1918 and
are predicting a similar response.

A Criticism of Butler.
The Boston Post, one of the
most widely circulated newspaper
in New England, always a strong
Coolidge partisan and now support-
ing Butler, the Republican candi-
date for Governor, puts it this way:
"President Coolidge asks the
voters of the State to elect his
friend to the Senate. A gallant
sportsman and a true friend would
have fought the battle on his own
merits. Only a selfish and fright-
ened politician would have de-
manded the great sacrifice the
President has made."

"Does even the most ardent Re-
publican believe that if Senator
Butler were not the President's
friend he could get anywhere in
politics if his advancement depend-
ed on the voters of Massachusetts?
Senator Butler has not hesitated to
stretch friendship to the limit."

The people of Massachusetts re-
spect Calvin Coolidge. Their ad-
miration for him has increased
since his election. There are few
anti-Coolidge men in Massachu-
setts, but President Coolidge is the
last man to deny the entire right
of the people to select their own
representative. It is apparent they
do not want Senator Butler."

Butler's One Chance.
Until the President decided to
come to Northampton to vote and
made his announcement the occur-
rence of a plea for the return of
Butler, the latter was beaten. He
may still be beaten, but the Presi-
dent has given him what appears
to be his one chance.

This is the situation: If Massa-
chusetts is to vote for the defeat
of Butler means a defeat for
Mr. Coolidge, it will sacrifice Walsh
to the larger affection. If, on the
contrary, it can be persuaded the
President is not involved and that
his administration will wag along
pretty much as it has done, whether
Butler is in the Senate or not,
it will elect Walsh.

Just now the prospects appear to
be "fifty-fifty."

Massachusetts is normally a Re-
publican State by at least 100,000
but in this Republican State Walsh
was twice elected Governor and
once Senator and he ran nearly
400,000 ahead of his ticket in 1924,
when Mr. Coolidge got nearly 300,
000 more than John W. Davis and
La Follette combined.

In that 1924 election Walsh lost to
Gillett by 18,000, although he got
100,000 more votes than Henry
Cabot Lodge got two years before.
To put it more succinctly, a by-
year vote of 440,000 was enough
to elect Lodge, but a vote of 347,
000 was not enough to bring Walsh
in in a presidential year. More-
over, because of the length of the
ballot that year, 85,000 voters did
not vote for Senator.

Walsh Still Popular.
Nothing has happened in the last
two years to diminish Walsh's popu-
larity. On the contrary, he will
gain this time a large number of
dependent Coolidge.

"The President deserves credit
for having introduced, through re-
sponsible administrative representa-
tives in the House and Senate, what
is called the Railroad Labor Ad-
justment Bill. It is the only con-
structive piece of labor legislation
introduced in Congress in the last
six years, and the Governor's Sen-
ator, Mr. Williams, deceived the
representatives of labor in this
matter and voted against this bill."

"He has never dared to discuss
it in a single speech. I voted for
this bill, as a bill that labor is
most vitally interested in."

Cars Worth \$75,000,000 Sold.
(Copyright, 1926.)
LONDON, Oct. 30.—It is an-
nounced that \$75,000,000 worth of
automobiles were sold here during
the automobile show just closing.
This represents the largest output
British motor factories ever con-
tracted for. Thirty thousand of
the 5000 Gillette cars were sold;
73,000 of the Morris Cowley, which
is the British Ford. The Renault
company took \$3,000,000 worth of
orders. Export orders are report-
ed to have multiplied five times.

BRITISH NAVAL FLEET GIVES
REALISTIC BATTLE REHEARSAL
Delegates to Imperial Conference
Witness Submarine Attack and
Defense from Flagship.
By the Associated Press.
PORTLAND, Eng., Oct. 30.—A
dramatic exhibition of Great Brit-
ain's naval power was given off
Portland today for the edification
of the Dominion Premiers and other
delegates to the imperial con-
ference.

Embarking here on the Flagship
Revenge, they were held unthralled
for five hours by the firing of the
big guns, torpedo attacks and fleet
maneuvers simulating all the
phases of naval warfare. A few
minutes after the Revenge left
Portland, submarines were diving
to periscope depth, and aircraft
were launched for reconnoitering.
The Revenge, with her paravane
out, passed through mine fields,
while destroyers formed a screen
ahead.

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to periscope depth, and aircraft
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The Revenge, with her paravane
out, passed through mine fields,
while destroyers formed a screen
ahead.

(The paravane, a device used in
the World War for attacking sub-
merged submarines, is also em-
ployed in protecting vessels against
mines and for cutting up hostile
mine fields.)

Submarines then launched an at-
tack on the Revenge, while de-
stroyers countered with depth
charges.

After she had been at sea two
hours the Revenge sighted the
cruiser screen in front of the At-
lantic fleet. The fleet then di-
rected into line of battle. The
battle cruiser squadron, with a to-
tal of 20 15-inch guns, turned its
fire on a towed target.

The fifth destroyer flotilla deliv-
ered a torpedo attack against the
whole fleet. The vessels then
formed in line for the return to
the harbor.

Although the delegates did not
see as many ships in action as did
those to the last conference, three
years ago, they were treated to a
demonstration such as is rarely
seen by landmen.

SAYS VAN SWERINGEN PLAN TO DROP ERIE FROM MERGER

Newspaper Says This Action Is
Expected to Quiet Opposition
to Nickel Combine.

By the Associated Press.
NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The Van
Sweringen brothers of Cleveland
are reported to have aroused op-
position to their proposed Nickel
Plate Railroad merger by dropping
the Erie from their plans.

The two former newspaper boys
are planning a trunk line to compete
with the Pennsylvania, New York
Central, and Baltimore and Ohio,
now plan to serve Newport News
only as a port, and leave New York
out of their calculations, the New
York Times says today.

Opposition by minority stock-
holders of the Chesapeake and Ohio
Railroad to the original plan,
which was a primary cause of its
rejection by the Interstate Com-
merce Commission, has been over-
come, the paper declares, and the
proposed merger probably will go
before the commission unopposed
in its present form.

Commercial interests in Norfolk
and Newport News feared that
traffic to Newport News would be
diverted to New York under the
original plan. The new combina-
tion would make Newport News
the only tidewater clearance, how-
ever, and it will be developed as a
port, the Times says, thus meet-
ing the opposition of these inter-
ests.

The Chesapeake and Ohio minor-
ity is declared to have accepted an
offer of a guarantee of \$8 a share
in dividends and a half share of
new Nickel Plate for each share
of C. & O. They refused an offer
of \$5 and a half share of New
Nickel Plate in July.

WHITE GIVES PARK TO EMPORIA

50-Acre Tract Deeded in Memory of
Editor's Daughter.

By the Associated Press.
EMPORIA, Kan., Oct. 30.—Will-
iam Allen White, Emporia's well-
known editor, and Mrs. White, have
deeded to the city a 50-acre wood-
ed plot, just outside the city limits
along the Cottonwood River, to be
used as a park in memory of their
daughter, Mary, who died five years
ago.

The gift carries two stipulations,
first, that the park shall never
bear the name of White, and, sec-
ond, that Mr. and Mrs. White may
spend their own time and money
for the next five years in landscap-
ing along lines drawn in a plan by
a Kansas City architect.

Floods Menace Belgium

By the Associated Press.
BRUSSELS, Belgium, Oct. 30.—
Floods, resulting from heavy rains
of the last few days, are menacing
every part of Belgium and have al-
ready caused devastation in the
Charleroi region, necessitating
stoppage of many industries. Au-
thorities of Liege fear a repetition
of the disaster of last winter, in
which the city suffered heavily
with more than 15,000 houses flood-
ed. The Belgian floods of last Jan-
uary were the worst since 1740. The
death toll was placed at 12 and the
property damage at approximately
\$4,500,000.

\$300,000 for Columbus Lighthouse

SAN DOMINGO, Dominican Re-
public, Oct. 30.—Congress has vot-
ed an appropriation of \$300,000 to-
ward the erection of Columbus
Lighthouse in memory of Chris-
topher Columbus. The proposed
lighthouse, which will be one of
the world's greatest maritime
lights, will be constructed by funds
raised throughout the North and
South American continents in order
to honor the discoverer of Ameri-
ca.

REED DISCUSSES WAR DEBTS AND THE OIL SCANDAL

Senator Makes Only Slight
Reference to Prohibition
in Final Speech Here for
Hawes.

COOLIDGE REGIME SEVERELY CRITICISED

Charges Williams Voted for
Farm Relief Bill After Ex-
pressing Opinion It Was
Unconstitutional.

War and post-war debts of Euro-
pean countries to the United States
replaced the familiar theme of pro-
hibition as a topic for Senator
James A. Reed in his final St. Louis
speech for Harry B. Hawes' sena-
torial candidacy, at Polish-Ameri-
can Hall, Twentieth street and
Cass avenue, last night.

In a previous speech at Hiber-
nian Hall, 3619 Pinney avenue,
Reed made a reference to prohibi-
tion, but to the large gathering in
the Cass avenue hall he said nothing
about the dry laws, or about
Senator Williams' proposal for a
Missouri referendum on the eight-
eenth amendment, though he did
mention the latter in his St. Louis
and Kansas City police under
Gov. Hyde's administration.

Reed attacked the Coolidge ad-
ministration for its attitude toward
the oil scandal. President Coolidge,
he declared, when confronted with
certain developments in that case,
"showed the same interesting de-
gree of animation as a Back Bay
oyster out of season." He repeated
the charge that the Government
was used by a White House
telegraph operator to send informa-
tion to persons implicated in the
scandal.

Charge As to Corruption.
"The red line that forms the
circumference of this circle of cor-
ruption runs across the White
House grounds, and through the
heart of the Republican adminis-
tration," Reed declared.

He charged that the administra-
tion was dominated by moneyed
interests, saying that "money moved
in and took possession" in the per-
son of Secretary Mellon.

Reed related, for the first time,
an incident about Senator Williams.
He said that when the McNary-
Haugen agricultural bill was before
the Senate, Williams asked him,
Reed, for an opinion on its constitu-
tionality.

"I said that it was clearly un-
constitutional," said Reed. "He
replied, 'Of course, it's unconstitu-
tional.' And then, 40 minutes af-
terward, I heard him cast his vote
for the bill that he had just said
was unconstitutional."

Williams' View of Bill.
Senator Williams has said in his
speeches that he had his doubts
about the constitutionality of the
bill, but voted for it because he re-
membered that the Supreme Court
had upheld another measure about
which he held the same opin-
ion, and because he favored the
purposes of the farm measure.

Reed also criticised Williams for
opposing his resolution for an in-
quiry into Pennsylvania primary
elections, after facts showing
the use of great sums of money
had developed. The reason for
Williams' opposition, Reed said,
appeared to be that the proposed
investigating committee was not to
have a majority of Republicans,
and particularly that Williams did
not wish Senator La Follette to be
on the committee.

Other matters on which Reed
criticized his colleague were his
permitting former Gov. Hyde to
speak for him in this campaign,
and Williams' proposal in the con-
stitutional convention to make
women liable to war service. Re-
peating his former satires on this
proposal, Reed declared that a man
"whose judgment will go off on a
tangent like that" is not entitled to
confidence in dealing with future
problems. Among these problems,
he spoke of the war debts.

Discussion of War Debts.
"During the war," Reed said,
"our people were besought to buy
bonds, and they did buy them, the
washerwoman over her tub and the
child with his little bank. The buy-
ers of these bonds were told that
the money was to be loaned to for-
eign nations, and that we would get
their bonds, and that the bonds of
those foreign nations would furnish
the money to pay the Liberty
bonds, so that our people would
not have to be taxed to pay the lib-
erty on Liberty bonds. That was
the solemn agreement made with
the American people."

"But when the money was passed
out, it was on written instruments
instead of bonds, as the bonds
weren't ready, or something of that
sort. Those nations got more than
\$10,000,000,000—more money than
you could count in 10 lifetimes, if
it were all in \$24 bills."

"But the war was hardly over
when the Morgan group of banks
began to agitate for cancellation of
the foreign loans. They held the

Mussolini and Family Visit Farm



PREMIER MUSSOLINI of Italy recently spent a holiday on his
home farm with his wife and family. The picture shows Mus-
solini walking with his wife (near camera) and daughter, Edda, on
their farm at Fierli.

WILLIAMS MADE GOOD, DAVIS SAYS

War Secretary Arrives in St.
Louis to Address G. O. P.
Rally Tonight.

Secretary of War Davis arrived
in St. Louis from Jefferson City
last night to be chief speaker to-
night at a Republican rally in the
Wednesday Club auditorium, Tay-
lor avenue and Westminster place.

In a speech earlier in the evening
at Jefferson City, the Secretary de-
clared Senator Williams to have re-
ceived unusual recognition by the
Senate in his short term there, and
to be regarded as one of the most
able members of that body.

He urged the election of Republi-
can representatives in Congress as
a measure of insurance of contin-
ued prosperity. He referred to a
quoted statement of a national
Democratic leader who had de-
clared that the Democrats "would
raise hell" if they obtained control
of Congress. "If you want hell
raised with the prosperity of the
country," Secretary Davis said,
with the constructive program of
legislation, with everything that
stands for progress of the United
States, then vote to elect a Demo-
cratic Congress.

Chicago-St. Louis Train Sets Record
Record time for a train of eight
cars between Chicago and St. Louis
was made by a special train of the
Chicago & Alton Railroad Thursday,
carrying passenger traffic officers
from Chicago and Eastern and
Northern cities on their way to a
convention at Hot Springs, Ark.
Time for the run here from Chicago
was five hours and 47 minutes,
reaching here at 10:47 p. m. Thurs-
day. The fastest regular passenger
trains require six hours and 20
minutes for this trip. The group
will return tomorrow, leaving on
another fast special for Chicago at
11 a. m.

bonds of those countries, and if the
debts to our Government were can-
celed, they would be that much
nearer getting their money. After
they began the agitation, it was
not hard for the foreign countries
to fall in line.

Italian Settlement Criticized.
"Our settlement with Italy can-
celled more than 75 per cent of
that country's debt, though an at-
tempt was made to conceal the fact
by juggling figures. A deal with
France is now sought that amounts
to cancellation of more than 50 per
cent of the French debt to us.
Under that agreement, we would
pay every year \$200,000 more in-
terest than they pay back to us—
a sum that would build highways,
hospitals and universities through-
out our country. That is the kind
of infamy that is being out over
by this administration, at the di-
rection of the great Morgan banks."

"Suppose we apply this cancella-
tion idea to the farmers, and say
that as the farmers are hard up,
the \$40,000,000 of Federal Farm
Bank loans shall be canceled.
What a howl would go up from the
Morgan banks and the Coolidge
administration!"

"Red" McLaughlin, a well-known
character on Cass avenue, inter-
rupted Senator Reed with frequent
expressions of what appeared to be
approval. Reed once reminded him
that "When away from home, I
like to do all the talking," and later
made a direct demand that "Red"
keep still, which he thereafter man-
aged to do.

The women have saved the or-
chestra for St. Louis this year,
Mrs. Hocker announced trium-
phantly, "but we cannot do it
every year; we are not ticket brok-
ers but music lovers. It is the task
of the men to put the culture, art
and music of this city on its com-
mercial feet, so that we do not have
to go to New York or cross the
water for a little atmosphere. And
I am happy to say the women have
sold these seats without a cent of a
dollar to the orchestra, for 12 work-
men and one man have subscribed
the \$450 of expense."

Names of Those Selling Most
Tickets to Be Displayed in
Store Windows.

An honor roll of women and
women's organizations making
good their pledges for season seats
for the Symphony Orchestra con-
certs, in the effort of St. Louis
women to "sell out the house" for
every performance, is about to be
posted in show windows of down-
town department stores.

The roll was brought toward
completion at a luncheon at Hotel
Statler yesterday, attended by more
than 100 women, under the chair-
manship of Mrs. Lon O. Ecker.
At a luncheon a week previously
pledges had been made for 666
season seats, and since then addi-
tional pledges and sales have come
in.

Yesterday, organizations and in-
dividuals having sold 331 seats out
of the 666 won places on the hon-
or roll. Some of them had ex-
ceeded their pledges.

Largest Sales Reported.
Reports of largest sales were
those made by Mrs. N. A. McMill-
an, 30 for The Principia and five
for the Neighborhood Association;
Mrs. John Fowler, wife of the late
president of the Symphony Society;
25, which she wishes to pass on to
deserving persons truly interested
in music; Wednesday Club, 36, and
Town Club, 20.

Mrs. George Gellhorn read the
list of pledges as the honor roll
was posted temporarily on a black-
board, and she and Mrs. Hocker
kept the audience in constant
chuckle with their witticisms and
enthusiasm. Harry C. Krone, field
manager of the orchestra, con-
stituted to represent Saint Louis
distributed flowers among the
women who reported success.

"Give her a rose!" Mrs. Hocker
would cry as a woman told of
sales, and the militant saint, in
simulated chain mail and flowing
robe, strode across the room with
a pink bud. Meanwhile, strains of
music from the hotel orchestra fil-
tered in to the gathering.

\$12 Tickets All Gone.
The Odessa, where the concert
are given, seats 2200, so that there
are 4400 seats for the two per-
formances of each standard pro-
gram of the orchestra. The 666
pledges will serve to fill 15 per cent
of the space. In addition, there
are several hundred season sub-
scriptions apart from this organ-
ized effort of the women, and the
usual single seat sales. There are
only 18 of the \$12 per season tick-
ets and only 17 of the \$18 per
season tickets left for Friday af-
ternoon. It was announced that
more \$12 tickets for Saturday
night. The season will open next
Friday.

"The women have saved the or-
chestra for St. Louis this year,"
Mrs. Hocker announced trium-
phantly, "but we cannot do it
every year; we are not ticket brok-
ers but music lovers. It is the task
of the men to put the culture, art
and music of this city on its com-
mercial feet, so that we do not have
to go to New York or cross the
water for a little atmosphere. And
I am happy to say the women have
sold these seats without a cent of a
dollar to the orchestra, for 12 work-
men and one man have subscribed
the \$450 of expense."

TARIFF THE CHIEF TOPIC IN SPEECHES BY WILLIAMS

Senator Says Protective Du-
ties Are Necessary for
Business Prosperity and
Employment of Labor.

EMPHASIS ALSO TO WET AND DRY ISSUE

Look Out for Democrats,
He Says; They Promise
You Wine and Beer and
That's End of It.

With former Mayor Kiel at sev-
eral campaign meetings last night
proclaiming Senator Williams to be
"wet," the Senator addressed the
same meetings with pleas to Re-
publicans not to be misled by
propaganda that Harry B. Hawes,
his Democratic opponent, would do
anything to bring back beer and
wine.

The Senator and other speakers
at his meeting said that although
some 40,000 Republicans voted for
Senator Reed in 1922 in the belief
that he would take steps to permit
the sale of beer and wine, he had
not introduced a bill in Congress
to that end.

"It is four years since Reed came
here and bunched us," Kiel said.
"We thought he was going to give
us beer. He didn't do it. Now it
would be better to leave a matter
like this up to Senator Williams.
Some people say he's dry and
some say he's wet. He's as wet as
I am, and you know how wet that
is."

Speeches by Williams.
Senator Williams addressed three
meetings, National Turn of Hall at
Seventeenth street and Allen ave-
nue, Rodenburg's Grove at Taylor
avenue and Broadway, and Gam-
brinus Hall at 3621 Salena street.

In his speeches, which included
discussion of the tariff and Hawes'
attitude on the World Court, Wil-
liams giving emphasis to the wet
and dry question without stating
his own opinion, said:

"Look out for the Democrats.
They promise you light wine and
beer, and that's the end of it."
"Senator Reed carried St. Louis
in 1922 by 43,000 majority because
he led voters to believe they would
get wine and beer through his ef-
forts, but he did not move a wheel
in that direction, nor did he intro-
duce a bill either to modify the
Volstead act or to submit a repeal
of the eighteenth amendment."

Protective Tariff Discussed.
Senator Williams continued the
drive to hold for the Republicans
both the business and labor vote on
the plea that the Republican pro-
tective tariff was necessary for the
prosperity of business and for the
employment of labor.

"People have different views on
the tariff," he said. "This is the
richest

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER
Dec. 12, 1878
Published by the Pulitzer Publishing
Company, Twelfth Boulevard
and Olive Street.

THE POST-DISPATCH PLATFORM

I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles, that it will always fight for progress or reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

JOSEPH PULITZER
April 10, 1907.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

New Market Is O. K.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
A FORMER resident of St. Louis, and now of Chicago, I cannot but criticize the unfavorable advertisement you have given the city's first project of the bond issue, your beautiful Union Market.

I, in my travels, am familiar with public types of markets, and have had always a hobby to do my shopping therein. My first venture in your market was last Saturday; and I must say that the sight upon entering this beautiful edifice was most agreeably surprising. However, I think in my humble opinion, your city architects were in error when constructing the exterior, as it is too suggestive of a prison or an armory. However, from a shopper's standpoint, and I consider myself as a very considerable shopper, the fruits, vegetables and meats, which I purchased therein, were of the best quality and the prices were fair in connection with the quality thereof.

If I recollect rightly, your new market contains just about twice as many stalls as your old one, and I surmise your net vacancies in your new building are about 20 per cent.

Cannot see why you or the city's fathers can condemn this building as a failure; but this has always been the trouble with St. Louis. Always too quick to condemn its projects without a fair trial.

I wish it were possible to transfer this market of yours to our Loop district in Chicago. There it would flourish and receive favorable press advertising notices. DR. LAWRENCE SAUNDERS,
4218 Graneray pl., Chicago.

The Underworld's Politics.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

I HAVE noticed the attack on Maj. Hawes for things that happened 25 years ago, when he was president of the Police Board. It so happened that the Democratic party was in power at that time, and as is always the case, there is a certain element that attaches itself to the political party that is in power. The same thing holds true today. Applying the same yardstick to the present time, you would have to hold the present Police Board responsible for that same element that is now supporting the Republican party because that party now holds sway.

Every professional bondsman, gambler, fixer, forger, bootlegger and graft artist that expects favors is working for and supporting the Republican party. Look at their dives, dwellings or places of business and see whose banners they are displaying.

Would you censure the present members of the Police Board because this same class of vultures are now Republicans? They have not changed their methods, but only their politics, and are now working might and main for the Republican party. Think it over.

AN OBSERVER.

The St. Louis Philharmonic.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

RECENT mention in the press of the evolution of the Symphony Orchestra states that New York's Philharmonic Society, founded about 70 years ago, is the first of its kind in the United States. In yielding this distinction to New York, St. Louis is overlooking the fact that a St. Louis Philharmonic Society existed in 1838. I have before me a catalogue of St. Louis University dated Aug. 14, 1839, in which the Philharmonic Society is described. Its officers in 1839 were Mag. M. Vanden Eycken, president; Rev. P. Verheyden, vice president; Leon Portier, secretary; Hippolyte Jamey, treasurer, and Peter Commagere, keeper of music.

The organization gave public concerts at least up to the Civil War. I had no access to catalogues of more recent date, but believe I have established by reference to these documents that New York takes second place in music as well as in baseball.

JOHN K. WALSH.

He Prefers Los Angeles, Where Jay Walkers Are Pinched.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

AFTER seeing traffic regulation in Los Angeles, and seeing it here, particularly in our downtown district, I am surprised that the officers do not insist on the traffic staying out of the gutters and on the sidewalks when the traffic is running in the middle of the street. It is also surprising to me that no more accidents occur in St. Louis than do, with the liberty allowed pedestrians to invade the streets, watching for a chance to jump through and between machines, which is so wrong, and for which act a policeman is on hand in Los Angeles to arrest each and every offender.

A. T. TERRY.

Smoking Brick Kilns.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

A REPLY to the Smoke Committee, I wish to take exception to their statement wherein they claim that the bulk of the St. Louis smoke nuisance is caused by the smoke of chimneys of private residences. I invite this committee to come out to the 4000 block on Gravois on days when the brick kilns are emitting their blankets of black, dense and sulphurous smoke, or in other words, a smoke screen, so thick that it would act as a screen to a battle fleet, during an engagement on the high seas.

WILLIAM BLAIR.

WILLIAMS' WORST DODGE.

The weakest and most absurd position into which Senator Williams has been forced by his desperate efforts to dodge the prohibition issue is his repeated statement that because nothing has been done towards modification of the Volstead Act, it is useless to expect that something will be done in the future, or to elect a candidate who promises to vote for the modification of the Volstead Act. Senator Williams says that the anti-prohibition voters expected Senator Reed to bring beer back, but he hasn't done it. If the modification of the Volstead Act depended entirely upon Senator Reed, that would be a legitimate criticism of the Senator.

Williams says that any effort on the part of his opponent, Hawes, to modify the Volstead Act will be futile; therefore, his outspoken conviction that it ought to be modified and his pledge to vote for its modification mean nothing.

In short, Senator Williams argues that it is vain to work or vote against prohibition because nothing has been done to modify the present drastic laws. The same argument would apply to any great reform. It is useless to work or vote for it or to elect a candidate pledged to work and vote for it because it hasn't been accomplished up to date. All of this nonsense is just a cloak to cover the cowardly evasion of the issue by Williams himself.

We ask the voters who oppose prohibition, centralization and other evils which afflict the government whether they are willing to accept Senator Williams' advice, to give up all attempt to accomplish their objects in politics and to support candidates who openly stand with them and express their convictions, or to continue to support their own convictions at the ballot box and elect men to office who express their convictions and give honest pledges to work and vote for them.

If the voters accept Williams' advice to submit supinely to all the evils that afflict them and elect candidates who are afraid to speak out against them or to work and vote against them, nothing will ever be accomplished.

Major Hawes does not promise that he will modify the Volstead Act, but he does promise that he will work and vote for its modification. The only hope of rescuing this country from tyranny, oppression and corruption lies in the election of outspoken, honest men like Hawes.

THE UGLY RUMOR.

Trade Hornsby to the Giants? Oh, rumbling, ghastly rumor. Sell the Mississippi to Chicago. Divide Forest Park into building lots. Wreck the old Court-house into an aquarium and barter away the free bridge for a song. Sell all the Browns. But Hornsby? The rare and priceless Rajah? The man who steered the Cardinals to a world's championship? Not since Uncle Tom was sold down the river, not since Joe McCarthy released Alexander the Great, has such a deed come to pass. The horror of it leaves us cold and trembling. Sam Breadon, beware!

DETROIT'S CHURCH COUNCIL SPEAKS UP.

The Church Council of Detroit has issued a statement charging the industrial organizations of that city with attempting to dominate their pulpits. This is a sequel to the contretemps which occurred during the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor in Detroit when the Y. M. C. A. and several ministers withdrew invitations to labor leaders to speak to their audiences. It was broadly intimated at the time that the Detroit Chamber of Commerce was the influence back of this extraordinary action.

The Church Council's assertion of independence is gratifying, though it seems to us a trifle belated. The ministers of Detroit missed a fine opportunity when they submitted to the dictation of the industrial powers by joining in an affront to the city's guests. Self-respect, ordinary courtesy and a proper concern for their city's reputation—all those considerations urged the churchmen to say then what they have now tardily said.

The present position of the Church Council, however, taken, obviously, after mature reflection, is decidedly creditable. The Detroit Chamber of Commerce, official spokesman, apparently, of the forces that compelled the ministers to humiliate the labor leaders, deserves the rebuke which the Church Council has administered. Big Business attempts an intolerable presumption when it undertakes to censor the churches. The priceless gift of free speech is a right which the churches cannot surrender to money.

Can the city repulse the two-gun Brentwood invaders?

THE SYSTEM NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE.

Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, forecasting the election of William S. Vare to the United States Senate, reiterates the worn excuse that it is the primary system that is to blame for the profligate expenditures that disgraced the Pennsylvania Republican senatorial primary campaign; the system, and not Mr. Vare. Probably there is nothing wrong with the Senator's forecast. Pennsylvania has a habit of electing Republicans to office. It is unlikely that the opposition of a number of Republican leaders, including Gov. Pinchot, will suffice to defeat the Philadelphia boss.

But to blame the system is a feeble excuse for shameful effort to corrupt the electorate of a powerful political party; a flagrant attempt to purchase high office in the open market. To show how specious is this argument, it is only necessary to turn to other states. Instead of the disbursements of hundreds of thousands of dollars, we find that Governor Blaine of Wisconsin won the Republican senatorial nomination, in a hot contest with Senator Lenroot, and kept well below the authorized limit for such campaign funds.

In Oklahoma, Representative Elmer Thomas won the Democratic senatorial nomination, with two strong opponents in the field against him, without accepting a cent of campaign funds from anyone. He paid his own campaign expenses. He is not a rich man, as United States Senators go, and his expenses, too, were below the amount authorized by statute and justified by public opinion.

Pennsylvania may stand willing to approve any sort of Republican who chances to be placed on the ticket. That is the Pennsylvania way, and there is not much chance that Vare will prove an exception. But the Pennsylvania Senator imposes too much upon public credulity when he attempts to tell the nation that it was the system that is to blame for such inexcusable political bribery.

THE ANTI-ESSEN CAMPAIGN.

The voters of the county, having put away the merger proposal, are now being called upon to defeat Essenism and Tony Foleyism in the coming election. The issue is described by a pamphlet issued by the County Taxpayers' League as a fight of taxpayers against politicians and gamblers. The people are being asked to make this election a duplicate of the 1922 cleanup fight when Boss Essen's traditional vice-like grip upon county affairs was temporarily loosened by public revolt against his methods and his men.

A queer situation thus presents itself. County taxpayers who lined up with Essen and Foley on Oct. 26 are now asked to line up against them on Nov. 2. Essen, a silent member of the Board of Freeholders, was the heart and soul of the anti-annexation campaign, one of the indirect but nonetheless tangible objects of that campaign being to end Essen's czardom in the county. Can it be expected that the voters who beat the merger and thus perpetuated Essen's hold are now going to turn and rend him? If they felt about Essen the way the County Taxpayers' League expects them to feel, would they have voted against the merger?

We fear the County Taxpayers' League has undertaken a difficult task. It will be surprising if those who permitted their votes to be corralled on Oct. 26 do not submit just as meekly next Tuesday. We sympathize heartily with the League. We believe that Essenism and Foleyism are a bar to political and social progress; but the county seems content and has seemed content for 25 years, with a short interval, to be led by the nose. With the Essen machine flushed with last Monday's victory, we see no reason to suspect it won't repeat on Nov. 2.

APPLE WEEK.

Beginning today we have National Apple Week, opening with National Apple Day. The entire population during this period is advised to eat apples. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Mayor Miller, in his proclamation of this observance, called attention to the fact that Missouri "is located in one of the large apple-producing sections of the country."

He could not say, however, that Missouri is still one of the biggest apple-producing states. It was once known as "the home of the Big Red Apple." That it is so no longer in any real sense, although it produces wonderful apples, may be seen by the local fruit market report in Thursday's Post-Dispatch, in which nearly all the apple sales were of Illinois Ben Davis, Illinois blacktwig, Illinois gano, Illinois winterset and other Illinois species of apples, with a quotation or two of Idaho and New York apples. Not a barrel of Missouri apples was quoted.

Missouri may again be the leader in growing the best apples. If the farmers will displace inferior kinds and plant nothing but the best, which our leading nurseries are trying to introduce, and which have a national reputation.

Why should not Missouri raise all its own apples? We have all the natural conditions. Why let Illinois nor any other state compel us to buy fruit that we could easily raise?

Gov. Baker says it is impossible to enforce every law 100 per cent. What per cent would he say the dry law of Missouri is being enforced?

WE GO IN FOR CONFISCATION.

Led by the United States Supreme Court, which seems lately to have lost its bearings, we have at last gone in for plain and unblushing confiscation. No other word fits the final award of some 4500 alien patents to the members of the Chemical Foundation at a nominal price of \$50 each. The patents are worth hundreds of millions, and when we handed them over to private monopoly with the sanction of the Supreme Court we showed both Russia and Mexico up as the merest amateurs in the gentle art of making off with the property of others.

The Supreme Court makes no attempt to disguise this ugly act. It contents itself with the negative opinion that there is nothing in either the Constitution or international law to forbid it. Moreover, the transaction bore the sanction of President Wilson, who had consented that the Alien Property Custodian should dispose of this property. We can perhaps understand that. Mr. Wilson made many mistakes, but his was a superhuman task. No man's wisdom could be put to such a test without breaking. What we cannot understand is that in the dissipation of a time long after the war, with nothing more feverish upon their minds than these our piping times, the members of the Supreme Court should have consented to such an American precedent.

We may be sure that these chickens will come home to roost. The United States has become a creditor nation. Its investments abroad now total \$11,000,000,000. If anything that we own falls into the clutches of an enemy country and is sold out to foreigners at such a rummage sale as our own Government conducted in this matter, we will know who gave this kind of robbery the guise of eminent respectability.

In prosecuting the effort to set this unholy bargain aside Attorney-General Stone said: "It will be a dark day for this republic when public officials charged with public duties and responsibilities can do the things disclosed by this record without any consequences to them and to those who claim under them."

Quite so—and it is just that dark.

A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

(From the Detroit News.)



"YOUR HONOR, I WANT TO SIGN A BOND FOR A MILLION DOLLARS."

JUST A MINUTE

Copyright, 1926.

LAST MINUTE CAMPAIGN SONG.

(Offered gratis to whomever wants it.)

I wandered today to a hall, George,
To hear the speeches flow.
Art Hyde and his talk of the war, George,
That was over long ago;
The freshness is gone from such talk,
George.

Where once the rafters rocked,
It's stale as talk of the time, George,
When your poor scone was soaked.

They say you are feeble with age, George,
Your talk is less sprightly than shy,
Though I scan each well written page, George.

The Lord only knows if you're dry,
Although you are aged and gray, George,
And therefore should hardly be knocked
I'm all fed up with talk of the day, George.

When your poor scone was soaked,
To prevent Halloween pranks on the part
Of Chicago school children, 100,000 free
Pamphlets to the movies have been distributed.
Giving them a free gate to prevent them
From taking one.

A CHANCE FOR SOME PROMOTER TO MAKE A KILLING.

Sir: Wonder who is going to purchase the movie and radio rights to that little warming-up party the warring factions at Herin, Ill., are talking of staging? New York has her White Way, California has its Hollywood and Illinois has its real honest-to-goodness gun-totin', man-killing gangsters. Why don't they have it in the Philadelphia Stadium and collect \$5 a head from spectators? Wonder if Mr. Fyle ever intends to commercialize gang wars?

SAMSON.

SCANDALOUS! MARRYING CHIEF JOY OF 102-YEAR-OLD MINISTER.

—Headline.

The Lord Bishop of London raps our "dollar chasing." Europe never engages in dollar chasing; what they pursue are pounds, francs and lira.

Able's Irish Rose is a century plant.

Now that Chicago gangsters have signed a truce, inhabitants of the Windy City in search of excitement might try Herin.

Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, does not seem to have been a very successful designer of love nests.

The Kokomo, Ind., W. C. T. U. has requested Queen Marie to make public denial of the fact that she smokes cigarettes. If the Queen is at all sarcastic, there are several neat things she can say in reply.

A Pennsylvania court has held that Sunday baseball is a worldly employment. That is the first good word we have heard so far this year for the Philadelphia Nationals.

Having raised too much cotton, the planters now will raise Cain.

Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, who is to wed Princess Astrid of Sweden, knows no Swedish, and the Princess cannot speak French. Indications are that it will be a happy marriage.

SOLVING THE CRIME PROBLEM.

"Crimes would decrease materially, he (the secretary of the Junior C. of C.) declares, if Chief Kaiser and other city department heads would recommend membership in the Junior Chamber to the young men with whom they come in contact."—News Item.

"Pardon me, sir, but where are you going?"
"Fly away, birdie, you look like a fly cop to me. I'm just out of stir and ain't saying a thing."

"My dear fellow, I didn't mean it that way. I mean to say I think we have met before somewhere, possibly Chicago, Akron or—"

"Friend, three years back I opened up my trap to testify in my own behalf but from here out I don't open it except to sleep and eat. They're too many bulls floating around in Hickey-Freeman duds for a fellow to take a chance—"

"Come now, old man, surely it isn't that bad. Most assuredly I am an officer but it is my duty to help the transgressor as well as curb his illegal activities. Have I your confidence, comrade?"

"Oh, all right, Bertie. My name's Gus. Gus the Glut. They just leave me out of the big house at Chester where some Judge up in Chi sends me for putting the rod on a filling station manager and having my finger slip. Sure was a wrong rap."

"Indeed, yes, frightfully narrow-minded. Well, you won't find it that way here. We're old friends, you know, you and I. We met in Akron on a little double killing six years back. I was sure you didn't mean it that time either, so I burned what evidence I had and you left town. Remember? I was sure you didn't mean it. The trouble with you, Gus, is that you had the wrong influences as you grew up."

"Bertie, you said it. If I had only learned to shoot straighter—"

"—companionship of upstanding youngsters and all that. You know, I fancy you still have a chance. So, in accordance with orders from the Chief, I am presenting you with a membership application blank for the Junior Chamber of Commerce which you are at liberty to sign. Best preventative for itching palms, jerky index fingers, overhanging brows, tendencies to rob, maim, kill or otherwise disable either totally or in part, on the market at the present time. See here, now, look at all those testimonials!"

"My word, Bertie, you've saved me again. I feel like a new man already. Where is my beastly fountain pen?" J. A.

FABLE.

Once upon a time, there was a man who swore he never would wear formal clothes. And one time his boss invited him to a formal dinner, and the man came attired in a business suit.

London plans the largest motion picture house in Europe, to seat more than 3000 people. Some are fond of the movies, some like crowds, and not a few, we venture, will attend to see what a crowd of 3000 in a motion picture house looks like.

President Coolidge says that advertising has taken a commanding hand in bringing about the American scale of wages. "So that explains prosperity?" And here the White House spokesman had us believing the Republican party is responsible.

The MIRROR OF PUBLIC OPINION

THE VERY, VERY SILENT MR. COOLIDGE.

From the New York World.

WHEN Senator Reed of Missouri seemed to be the face of Republican corruption in Pennsylvania and Illinois, he does no more than state the truth.

Mr. Coolidge has delivered 11 public addresses since the facts of the Vard-Burgess-Mellon orgy in Pennsylvania were brought to light. These speeches have bulged with high moral platitudes. But not in a single one of them has Mr. Coolidge shown himself even remotely concerned with Republican pre-Reverend corruption in two States.

The only evidence that Mr. Coolidge has ever interested at all has come from a fellow, who reported (Sept. 16) that in talking with his friends about this shameful case, Mr. Coolidge has uttered no words of condemnation. But if Mr. Coolidge has uttered no words of condemnation, the performance has been strictly professional. So far as the public is aware, to the corruption he has been deaf, dumb and blind.

THE NEXT SENATE.

From the Toledo Blade.

THE Republicans have a thin majority in the Senate now. Twenty-one Republican Senators and seven Democrats are up for re-election. The Democrats are in states where Democratic pre-eminence is certain. Some of the Republican Senators are from doubtful states and whether the Volstead act offers the Republican tide six years ago. No sweeping party success seems probable in an "off" year. To control the next Senate, the Democrats must gain only nine seats. The situation is such that the Coolidge administration and the supporters of the public protective tariff and tax reduction policies may well view it with apprehension. Democratic campaigns are taking advantage of the situation.

POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.

From the Hartford Courant.

Voters have recommended to the National League an unbiased study of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act. In justification of this recommendation, it is pointed out that the league was organized after prohibition had been written into the Constitution; hence the league did not have an opportunity prior to that event to consider whether the amendment was advisable or whether the Volstead act offers the method of making the amendment effective. It is a hopeful sign. . . . If the league has now come to a realization that the Eighteenth Amendment was not well calculated to promote the ends of temperance, and that the Volstead act may be an even more imperfect instrument for the promotion of sobriety, other organizations of women may deem it wise to look into the question. They may even be persuaded to give some consideration to the purely constitutional phases of prohibition. They may yet be brought to a better understanding of the fundamental purposes of Government and to an appreciation of the difference between organic law and a police regulation. . . . Why will these estimable women commit themselves to imprudent schemes without first knowing something about them? If they would make studies in advance of their commitments, they would be saved the embarrassment of subsequently revising their conclusions.

LITERARY VIEWS and BOOK NEWS

Edited by
JOHN G. NEIHARDT

THE WHITE RADIANCE

We Now Peculiarly Liable to Form Mistaken Literary Judgments?

It is a well-known fact, and one that has furnished vast comfort to many a misguided literary aspirant, that contemporaneous literary criticism has very often proven ridiculously inadequate. Recently there has been published a volume entitled *Famous Literary Works*, in which are gathered together a few choice vials of criticism poured upon the heads of those whom now we view as great. It is a rather portly book; yet it is only one of many that could be compiled. Also, if the compiler's appetite for literary criticism was not appeased after so many a feast of futile ire, he might prepare an equally imposing collection of ill-fated eulogies.

Many an alleged immortal has succumbed to the inclement social weather of our world; and many an apparently puny infant has survived the croups of cultural autumns and the colics of new eras in the green.

Such a library of misconceived opinion as has been suggested here would make jocose reading for those of us who share the curious and fairly prevalent delusion that the first moderns, stand triumphantly unbunked upon our shoulders of time. But there are reasons for suspecting that we are living in a time peculiarly liable to gross errors in literary judgment.

Literature is merely one of many social phenomena, and the literary activities of any age are to be considered first of all with reference to the prevailing social background. Growth in society proceeds, like other growth, by alternate periods of increasing strain—which may seem almost static in their steadiness—and periods of sudden release and unfeigned. Slowly, pictures of a developing culture have been seen by almost everyone, no doubt, and will be remembered in this connection. The period of release and violent unfeigned which we are now experiencing may be viewed as having begun with the French Revolution.

It was, broadly speaking, the triumph of the individualistic idea over the monarchical idea. The reign of concentrated power had been broken by the centrifugal, so called democratic movement began. Its influence was apparent in the fundamental realm of economics long before it began to affect what we call the higher values—those of literature, the arts, philosophy, religion, ethics. It was not until about 1800 that individualism, triumphant in industry, struck the realm of higher values like a whirlwind. Whether or not the individual has attained or is about to attain its maximum violence, who can say? We know that many very respectable old signboards are "torn down" over the place and that many a private window, once deemed serenely upon a world of old seemed eternal certainties has been broken in by chilling blasts of change.

To realize the change that has come place in literary attitudes, we need only consider the rigid rules that were laid down by absolute literary authority in France. The monarchical idea, long established in the lower realms of human activity, had penetrated to the realm of literature. Then tradition was everything; now it is practically nothing. Taste was then a fixed thing imposed upon the individual by unquestionable authority; but what is taste now? The past was then a standard for the present; now, to most, there seems only a long moment of enormous problems of contending whims—a becoming spectacle!

It is the latter point that brings us to the matter of importance in attempting to judge the literature of our own time. We are witnesses of the anarchic effect of extreme individualism in literature as in life. It is only the social background that lives on and on. The individual life is but a moment in the life of the race. During an age when the social body is in a unit, to which individualism must be sacrificed, the past has a tremendous meaning. For a generation dominated by the individualistic attitude, it is not unusual that the living moment would loom larger than all time. The result is that, being cut off from the long process that has been us all our human values, we now tend to become provincials in time. Just as the provincial in usual in the light that is peculiar to his own province, so the individual in the light that is peculiar to his own time.

The long and nearly bought experience of men, in the matter of maintaining dependable human values, is momentarily ignored in the overwhelming passion for novel experiment. We lack the synthetic sense in literature as in life. We are not now commonly conceive literature as organic. Its past most readers seems to lie dead somewhere on the far side of an insurmountable gap. The literature of the past is largely a sporadic phenomenon growing out of the peculiar mood of the time.

Being a revolting generation, impatient of all restraints, we are certain to overestimate the essential value of those works that most violently express the antisocial mood; and yet all of our genuine values are in their very nature social.

Doubtless Shelley had no thought of literary criticism when he wrote the strangely luminous lines:

Life like a dome of many colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
But he expressed a truth that is applicable here. The light of understanding and persuasion by which men live is constantly changing. New generations develop new social moods within which, as in a colored atmosphere, all views are colored. When the light of the time is red, as we may say, most men will think the truth is of that color; and the blues and yellows of other generations may seem absurd or pathetic or merely curious.

Yet what is any color but a fragment of some single white radiance? And what is the white radiance in our special application of the figure, but a vision of the larger truth about men and the human adventure in general, as opposed to the merely fragmentary view in keeping with the bias of the moment?

Eternity is a long, long stretch, and we can not follow our poet so far. Human literary history is much briefer, and here and there, throughout the whole length of it, flashes of the white radiance may be noted by those who have the eyes to see. Even in our own confused time of stormy red the white breaks in many a single line or passage; and now and then a whole book may glow with it. But it is the red that wakes the loud-est clamor.

To scorn the red is to have no sympathetic understanding of one's own time—and that is a pitiful disaster. To seek the larger human values in that one necessarily transient key, is to miss the larger values.

More than once has the restless general consciousness of men passed through all the shades and colors of the social spectrum from the naive germinating violet through the slowly maturing blues, the flowering greens, the mellowly fruiting yellows and the tempestuous revolting reds.

But the truth about the light was never to be perceived by the split ray.

—J. G. N.

As Others See Us

With Eastern Eyes. By Ernest Poole. (Macmillan.)

It is a fascinating story of an Occidental problem from the Eastern point of view. A Russian aristocrat who has suffered the horrors of the Revolution, comes to America to assist Bert Dana, an astronomer, in research. It is in the home of this prosperous New England family that the Russian sees American family life which bewilders and dismays him. The impressions of America on one entering from cold, starved and confused Russia as described by Mr. Poole are touching but nevertheless amusing. In telling of his first glimpse of New York the Russian astronomer says, "I find myself soon tired there. There nobody can see the skies. Too many lights flashing tell you you must chew some gum and buy some stockings for your wife. And all those stockings walk so fast that I am soon tired out." The speed of America, even the task of scientific research among the stars, furnishes a series of surprises to the visitor. "For why such speed, when the secrets to be learned in the measureless blue vault above keep stretching away into infinity and you could never fathom them all?"

The story centers about Dana's wife, who is facing a crisis in her marital life. The restrained manner in which Dana handles a delicate situation and saves her happiness, astounds the emotional visitor from the East. A picture of the highest type of American motherhood is finely drawn by Mr. Poole in his development of the American scientist's wife. The Dana children, a group of interesting and wholesome young people, Dana's father, a man of great wealth, and an attractive divorcee, shallow creature of 30, have important parts in the story.

Seeing America and American family life through Eastern eyes is indeed as Mr. Poole aptly describes it, "lying in a house so dark one cannot see the chairs and bumps into them." Ernest Poole's newest novel is a delightful book.

—Fay Profilet.

Jazzing Into the Garbage Can

John Das Passos Has a Very Bad Dream.

"THE GARBAGE MAN."—By John Das Passos. (Harper.)

THE GARBAGE MAN, though produced last year by the Harvard Dramatic Club and later at a New York theater, is hardly to be called a drama, since the term connotes some degree of organization. The author himself describes it as a "parade with shouting," but a parade, with or without shouting, is at least coherent. It would be ungracious to call it a jazzmaniac's nightmare in two major agonies, each marked by four distinct convulsions; but the description presents itself for consideration.

Perhaps it would be just as well to classify the production as unclassifiable and be content to wonder what Das Passos drinks and where he gets it. But God forbid that other writers should ever discover the secret!

Dean Inge, in his lugubrious book on the present condition of the British Empire, remarks that wherever modern industry flourishes under high pressure an anti-social virus is brewed in the hearts of the multitude. If the dean be right, then that may well be where John Das Passos gets it.

Das Passos has looked upon our industrial society and has not found it good. The Garbage Man is his attempt to picture what he saw and felt. The incoherence of his presentation is apparently a matter of deliberate intention, reproducing in the very movement of his work the syncopated cacophony of our generation—as it sounds to him.

In the first scene two lovers, drunk with the wine of youth, not to mention "ragtime and champagne punch" and a night of dancing, are discovered in the blue, cold dawn against a background of smoking factories. The whistles shriek hungrily to their victims; there is a steadily increasing moan of dynamite. The various dms fuse strangely into wild jazz tunes—a sort of Social Blues—and the drunken sun comes jazzing up the smoky sky. The reader may develop the symbolism for himself—youth's longing for happiness and the inexorable machine.

A funeral scene follows: the daughter making love downstairs while the mother lies dead upstairs; the mourners gabbling nonsense; the preacher fox-trotting into the death chamber, followed by a pompous relative waiting—all with appropriate incidental jazz furnished by an invisible orchestra, as though it were the music of the spheres.

With the absurd inconsequentiality of a very bad dream, the scene changes, and there is a railroad wreck in the night and the lovers quarrel while the dead go by on stretchers and the Fat Man complains loudly of the delay.

It is just one hilarious indignity after another. Outrageous caricatures of types one knows pass across the stage, each in pursuit of his own particular sort of futurity—the Ormery Faced Policeman, the Old Man, the Young Man With Cold Cream Face, the Newboy with the Loud Voice, He Intellectuals and She Intellectuals, a chorus of Tea Drinkers chanting something about spirituality and uplift for the masses, a chorus of Men in Brown Berets lifting up a syncopated carol all about their "red hot mammas," the Tough Girl, the Radical Lady, the Celebrated Novelist, the Boy With His Shirt Open, a complacent and important Gentleman, wearing out their trouser seats on swivel chairs. And among these moves the Garbage Man, and his other name is Death. Into the garbage can go one and all!

It all finally resolves, somehow, into a vast Prosperity Parade with choruses of Real Estate Men singing of a bigger and brighter and better city, while the invisible social forces of the underworld, the Cold Cream Face, the Newboy and wheezes and bangs and toots, and the Radiophone, with static in its nose, blares out a patriotic speech by the Governor all about Progress and the perfidious nature of knucklers and the heavenly virtues of boosting, while the crowd bellows with enthusiasm and the Boy With His Shirt Open screams with glee.

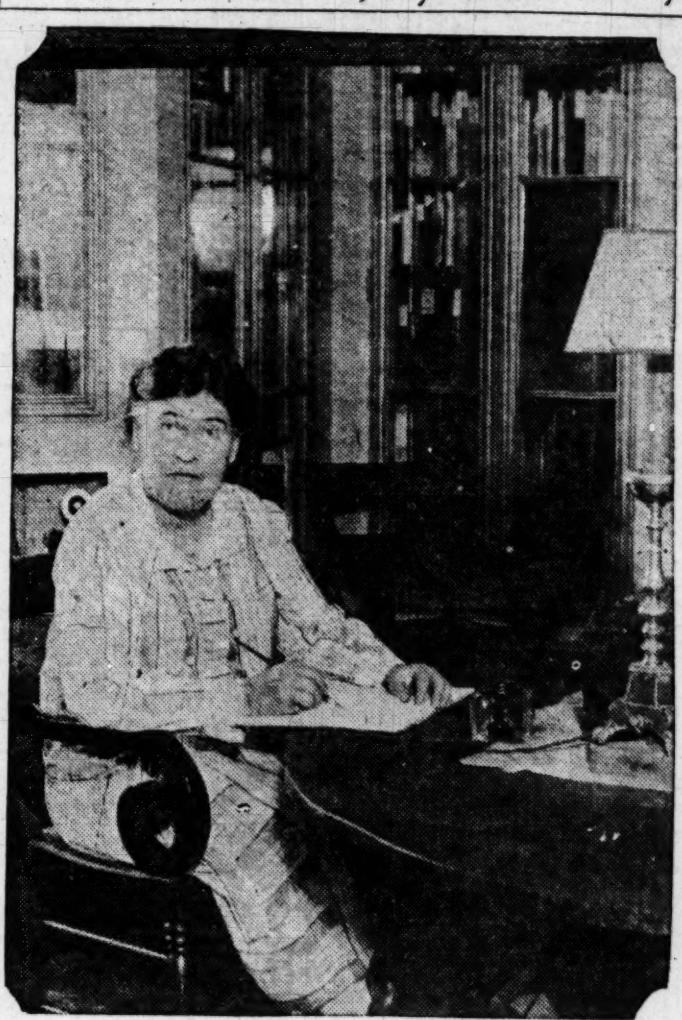
The dream is darkened, and we are soaring giddily with the hero and the heroine, who have somehow gotten tangled with the stars. "Where are we going?" asks the man, as well he may. "Somewhere very high," replies the lady, "where the wind is pure whiteness." Whereupon the other adds, by way of making it more specific: "With nothing but the whirl of space in our faces."

Presumably, after brooding overmuch on the nature of things in New York and other points East and West, Das Passos has decided that there is no place like heaven for a sensitive man.

Nevertheless, there is a very keen point in it all, and the writer has no desire to ignore it. There is terrific power in this book. Yet why go mad with the very madness that one deplores? Why take the fragmentary view of a time that takes the fragmentary view of almost everything?

Out in Westchester County now the oaks and maples are coloring with the frost, and there is a blue haze on the hills and a very ancient quiet in the valleys. It would be well to go to one of those valleys and sit quietly there all day, thinking how long time is and how young we are on this planet and what herolds we have already achieved—and how tiny Manhattan is after all. J. G. N.

Willa Cather, Autographing Copies of Her New Novel, My Mortal Enemy



Erskine Scores Again

Both Camelot and Troy Are Now Modern Cities.

"GALAHAD."—By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

IN the psychology of popular applause it is written that the approving thunder of the galleries may be commanded by a very simple method. Slapstick comedies are successful in proportion as they understand it intuitively, and the demagogues of all ages have employed it to their advantage. It is based upon the fact that, in accordance with the very nature of life, every multitude is composed largely of frustrated egos; for expansive dreams are given to all men in their youth, but the literalities deal harshly with most dreams. This is the reason why the important thing, Browning wrote, that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," it is the excessive straining of our reach that has made us as human as we are.

And so it happens that all of us, whatever may be our achievements, must have with us the unfulfilled desire. The slapstick comedian, impersonating an important man, skids upon the remains of a banana and lands upon his chair side. "In the parady, in burlesque, in the 'plain common man' appeals of the demagogue, the psychological equivalent of the banana is not far to seek. Put skids under the lofty, and the multitude applauds. Even so great a humorist as Mark Twain made good use of the simple banana motif; and we loved him for his appealing audacity. Was not his Yankee in King Arthur's Court the personification of some thing common in us released, for every triumph in a world of reputed excellence that lured us?

It is impossible to say to what extent the great success of John Erskine's Private Life of Helen of Troy was due to the democratic banana motif. Doubtless with many it was the determining factor in the enthusiastic approval that was accorded that wise and refreshing book. Certainly, in a superficial aspect, the story was well calculated to please a generation conspicuously given to irreverence and iconoclasm. To see the fair and fatal face that had long been reputed to have "launched a thousand ships," not by the sublimating flame of Blum's "topless towers," but in the literal dissolution of snuff-light that shines upon the enterprising flapper—that might well be a democratic joy.

But anyone who missed John Erskine's Helen and may be persuaded by the popular clamor over the former tale to seek for the leveling banana in his Galahad is sure to be disappointed. Some of us are glad to remember that John Erskine began his career as a poet some 20-odd years ago; and the young man who wrote in "Actaeon" has not betrayed us in his middle age. The stress of life has merely developed him into a philosopher. The process began to be apparent to us when his brilliant little prose book, "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent," appeared more than a decade ago. (It is a book that deserves to be more widely read.) But in Helen and Galahad we have the fine full flower of him. It is the poet in him that has chosen the

rich symbols of the old story that the clear-eyed philosopher in him might reveal the ancient verities that are always modern.

Old tales survive because in some important respect they are universally true. An ancient tale, adequately retold in the modern idiom, may therefore illumine the newest human problems; for the newest are the oldest in disguise. There is scarcely an important human relation that is not illumined by this new version of the legend of Arthur, Guinevere, Lancelot, the two Elaine and Galahad; and every aspect of the sex problem, that commands so much of our attention these days, is shrewdly dealt with by implication.

In the state of Arthur's kingdom when the tale begins, there is something not unlike that of our own time and country. The hard pioneering days are over. Safety has been established and luxury achieved. There is leisure for light dalliance. The once hard-bitten warriors fight no more, and the power of woman has grown enormously. It is no longer the masculine world it had been, as Arthur, a staunch old fogey, but wise withal, notes with sorrow; and the lure of sex has taken on a disproportionate importance in the lives of men and women.

Into this atmosphere Galahad is born, the natural son of a freed by the less celebrated and the two Elaine. Lancelot, long regarded as the beau ideal of manhood, is nevertheless, in his relations with Guinevere, a traitor to his trusting friend, the King. There, at the outset, is the old, wearisome triangle that engages the attention of so many sentimental geometers in our day; but in the skilful hands of Erskine it becomes something more than a sop thrown to the prudent. Lancelot, loving only Guinevere, whom he cannot boldly claim, will have nothing to do with the mother of his son. But the boy grows up to be "a sort of fate turned loose" amid the tangled relationships of Lancelot's world.

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Jealous also of the woman who may some day win the boy's love, Guinevere holds before him ideals so lofty that no woman may ever hope to qualify. Galahad, learning the truth about his father and mother and the Queen, views them in the light of absolute perfection, and gives the world up for a very bad job. So does Mordred, overtake them all. Galahad, cut off from reality, wanders on impossible quests, while Elaine grieves for him. Lancelot becomes a religious recluse, and Guinevere, once rich in love, faces old age without it.

There is only one happy character in the tale when the ironical recital closes; and that one is the obscure and unsuccessful lover of Elaine. He knew that love is giving. Almost he is the hero. The tale may be read merely for its brilliant surfaces; but one who looks more closely will see at times profound depths revealed briefly by the whimsical lightning of the author's wit.—J. G. N.

WHO IS MY MORTAL ENEMY?

Myra Henshaw Was Mistaken in the Party.

"MY MORTAL ENEMY."—By Willa Cather. (Knopf.)

EXQUISITE artistry is to be expected in anything that Willa Cather writes. First of all, her prose is that of one who served a notable apprenticeship in the handling of lyric forms before that day of boisterous wind when Caliban mistook his shouting for a song. There is something violin-like in the smooth legato of her sentences; and if it were only in the mechanical linking of the words, it might be no more than the trick of a clever virtuoso reproducing by ear the verbal tunes of better musicians. That has been done, and it is all sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. It is because Miss Cather's sense of thought are rhythmically conceived that her prose is like a stream.

In "My Mortal Enemy" we have a study of marriage as many are now persuaded to regard it in the light of feminine insurgency. Myra Driscoll, the adopted daughter and spoiled darling of a rich old widow or living in a little Illinois town, falls violently in love with Oswald Henshaw and elopes with him to New York, knowing that as a result of her action she will be disinherited.

For some years things seem to go very well for the Henshaws, in so far as their associates are able to look into their lives. Nevertheless neither is quite happy, and in the heart of Myra there is the slow, secret brewing of a deadly poison. What she does not understand is the fact, obvious to the reader, that what appeared to be her noble sacrifice of worldly position and luxury for Oswald's love was no more than an especially violent orgy of self-indulgence. She had loved herself, and Oswald's devotion acted as a flattering mirror.

Middle age comes on. There are no children to give to their love a lasting future, and hope is of the future. Myra had expected to get something out of love, whereas it is only a mode of unconscious sacrifice. What she gets is a double chin and a deepening disgust for life.

The scene changes and the Henshaws, no longer even fairly prosperous, are living on a pittance in a cheap hotel. Myra is dying slowly of a chronic ailment, and Oswald, shabbily aging, still sees in the querulous, cynical woman the "wild lovely creature" of his youth. But there is something ghastly in what Myra sees now when she looks at Oswald; for what can one ever see in a mirror but the image of oneself?

"People can be lovers," she says, "and enemies at the same time. We were. A man and woman draw apart from that long embrace and see what they have done to each other." (Fiddledsticks!)

It is during her last night that Myra unconsciously expresses in one terrible sentence the illusion that has destroyed her. "Why," she cries out, "why must I die like this alone with my mortal enemy!" "Sometimes," says the author, speaking through the mouth of one who tells the tale, "sometimes when I have watched the bright beginning of a love story, when I have seen a common feeling exalted into beauty by imagination, generosity and the flaming courage of youth, I have heard again that strange complaint breathed by a dying woman into the stillness of night, like a confession of the soul."

There are many who, out of the broken vision of their own lives, will read a bitter wisdom into these words. There are others, and they are happier, who seem to know the meaning of a much mottled saying: "If I lose myself I find myself." J. G. N.

Books In Brief

"MODERN MASTERS OF THE KEYBOARD."—By Harriette Bower. Stokes.

Intimate talks with the most famous pianists.

"WINDS OF DOCTRINE."—By George Santayana. Scribners.

Six essays by one of the few great philosophers now living and one of the greatest masters of English prose.

"COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES STEPHENS."—Macmillan.

The best verse of the great Irishman made into a book that is good to handle.

"ANN LEE'S AND OTHER SHORT STORIES."—By Elizabeth Bowen. Boni & Liveright.

Eleven tales by one who is widely recognized as one of the finest of living short story writers.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES."—By Paul Felix Giffen. Illustrated by Claude E. Millard. Simon & Schuster.

Blithe verses that any conscientious little child might safely recommend to his mother for evening reading.

"USELESS HANDS."—By Claude Farrere. Dutton.

A prophetic novel, dealing with social problems as they may appear at the end of our century. Entertaining, but also thought-provoking.

"THE MATHEMATICS OF BUSINESS."—By William L. Lovitt and Henry L. Hotzclaw. (Appleton.)

Illustrates all types of problems involved in present-day business, in each case offering the most efficient method in current practice.

"THE FORBIDDEN TOWN."—By Mary Gaunt. (Clope.)

Love conquers on an abandoned rubber plantation in tropical Africa.

Einstein and the Average Man

Relativity. By Sir Oliver Lodge Doran.

IT is natural that the average busy man, perplexed with his personal affairs, should not feel himself greatly concerned with the scientific theories of his time. Let the physicist and the natural philosopher pry into the secrets of the atom by way of determining if they may, the ultimate constitution of matter. Matter may indeed be no more, in some last analysis, than intricately related points of stress in a universal magnetic field, whatever that means. That does not affect one's practical affairs, it would appear, for one must wrestle with matter, not as it may be, but as it seems—and it is sometimes a stubborn stuff. The average man is willing to accept the hypothetical ether as something as real as pay day, if you insist, but he can not use it in his business; and the question as to whether or not there are any dependable absolutes knocking about this mysterious cosmos of ours troubles him not at all.

Nevertheless, it can be shown that there is a closer relation between the dominant intellectual theories of a time and the everyday life of men than is commonly suspected. Whether or not the theories by which men of any age attempt to explain their world to themselves grow out of the general temper of the time, or vice versa, it would be impossible to say with certainty. Perhaps the two intersect. Certain it is that the things men are commonly persuaded to strive for are always strangely justified by the intellectual theories peculiar to the time; and even the most abstruse theory that is favored by the higher intellectual levels has a way of seeping down through all the social strata as a modifying influence upon the unconsidered notions by which men live, however little that influence may be suspected.

In the matter of creating cosmologies, it may well seem to one, who is not unacquainted with the history of human thought, that men may merely shape and reshape the universe in keeping with their dominant desires at the time, seeking what they wish to find and finding it; and that we are now nearer to the solution of the ancient mystery of things than when our dreams were simpler.

A being, unacquainted with human music and the ecstasies of the dance, would be greatly embarrassed to explain the rhythmic movements of a throng seen through the windows of a sound-proof ballroom. But we may be sure that he would hit upon some ingenious theory in keeping with his own prevailing notions. If he could only hear the music, it might all be simpler. To what unheard music may the atoms dance, or whatever it is that moves to make

the shifting patterns of our world? An age of materialistic persuasions in practice has a materialistic science; or turn it around, if you wish. The truth has an uncanny habit of reading well both ways.

There was a time, not so long ago, when we were still convinced that there were absolute standards for the judging of many things, from art to personal conduct. Some, no doubt, still believe so, but it seems scarcely the fashion. Some mourn this tendency as a simple manifestation of original human cussedness on the rampage; but perhaps the correct explanation is far less simple. New values can come into being only through the breaking down of old forms; and as human beings in the process of becoming more so, we are surely far from finished in our conception of values. We can stand a great deal of experimenting yet.

But what should strike us as interesting is the fact that suddenly in the midst of our revolt against the old standards conceived as absolute, came what is widely acclaimed as the master intellectual structure of our generation—Einstein's theory of universal relativity. Whether or not it may be regarded as a colossal work of creative art expressed in mathematical symbols, or a purely scientific structure in the veritable stuff of fact, it expresses essentially, on a cosmic scale, a sublimation of the mood that characterizes our generation.

Perhaps if our generation could understand what Einstein's meaning is in all its implications, we might achieve more genuine liberty and less license. For it is the central idea in his thesis that, although there are no absolutes—standards valid throughout the universe—yet there may be truths that are unalterable within a given "reference scheme." And certainly, for the individual, human society in its broader relations, is such a "reference scheme." There have been many attempts to offer popular explanations of the Einstein theory. Einstein himself, several years ago, attempted to tell us, in a little book, just what he meant; but there must have been many readers who wished that he might kindly begin all over and explain his explanation.

That is exactly what Sir Oliver Lodge has done for him in the lean and commonsensical book here presented. Naturally there can be no simplified explanation of the theory in its complete mathematical form; but a general understanding of it in so far as it may modify the common attitudes of men is now at last made possible to almost anyone who may sincerely care to know.

—J. G. N.

In spite of tumults, terrors and tornadoes.

"THE CHARIOT OF FIRE."—By Bernard de Voto. (Macmillan.)

A tale of religious hysteria in Illinois a century ago. A realistic social study of compelling interest and not to be mistaken for just another volume of fiction.

"MY FRIEND THE DOG."—By Alfred Payson Terhune. (Harper.)

Thirteen dog stories by one whose knowledge of dogs is as wide as his love for them is deep. Charming color illustrations by the English artist, Marguerite Kirme, celebrated for her delineations of canine life.

"OUT OF THE MIST."—By Florence Riddell. (Clope.)

Two women in British East Africa when the land was new, and only one man between them! He always really loved her, but he was tempted, as he explains, and was "just a man." Finally a lion finishes him, which speaks well for the intelligence of African lions, if the case may be regarded as typical. The moral seems to be: If you are living a double life, look out for the big cat.

"YOU CAN'T WIN."—By Jack Black. (Macmillan.)

The un sentimental confessions of a once notorious criminal who had sufficient mentality not only to reform, but to make a valuable contribution to the discussion of a vexing question. Many will read this as a thrilling story only; but it has deeper meanings.

"WALTER CAMP."—By Harford Powell Jr. (Little Brown.)

The life story of the Father of American Football.

"WILLIAM BLAKE."—By Osbert Burdett. (Macmillan.)

The strange life story of the great English mystic, together with a critical survey of his poetry and an account of his work as artist and engraver. The latest issue in the new English Men of Letters series.

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"KING GOSHAWK AND THE BIRDS."—By Elmer O'Duffy. (Macmillan.)

The valorous son of the great Irish epic hero, Cuchulain, returns to earth for the purpose of setting the crooked straight. If he does not find solutions for our problems, he certainly refreshes us with his mirth, sobers us with his irony, and if we are not totally blind, lights our way with philosophy.

"JESTING PILOT."—By Aldous Huxley. (Doran.)

The author of *Mortal Coil*, etc., circumnavigates the globe and publishes his diary, written in the spirit of him who asked "What is Truth?" and did not stay for an answer.

"THE BLATCHFORD TRIANGLE."—By G. D. H. and Margaret Coo. (Macmillan.)

Man found dead in the library with a revolver tied to his wrist by a green cord! Lord Blatchford returning in the gray dawn with his soup-and-fish clothes over his arm! An unsuccessful attempt to steal the Blatchford rubies! Who in the world could have killed Cock Robin, and if so, why?

"MARTHA JANE AT COLLEGE."—By Inez Specking. (Bonsai Bros.)

Mild adventures in a boarding school.

"LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT."—By Will Rogers, Ambassador Without Portfolio. (Alburt and Charles Boni.)

A sufficient description and recommendation.

"ADVENTUROUS RELIGION."—By Harry Emerson Fosdick. (Harper.)

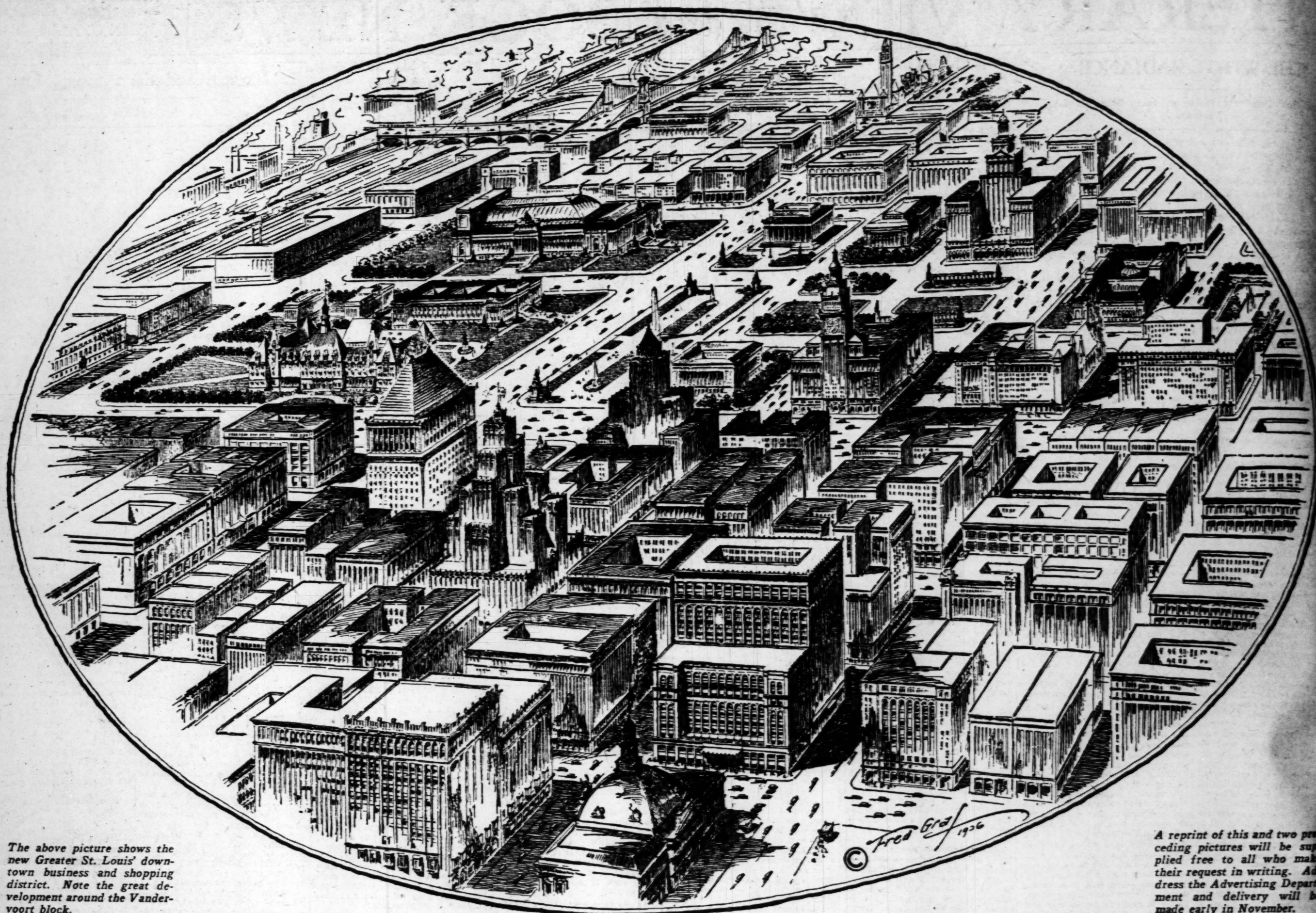
Essays on contemporary religious problems by one who has expected that the world may not be finished yet, and that truth may not be a formula.

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The above picture shows the new Greater St. Louis' downtown business and shopping district. Note the great development around the Vandervoort block.

A reprint of this and two preceding pictures will be supplied free to all who make their request in writing. Address the Advertising Department and delivery will be made early in November.

Greater St. Louis of Tomorrow Centers Around the Beautiful Plaza Two Blocks West of Vandervoort's

Certainty of the Realization of This Dream Provides Fitting Occasion for the "Celebration of 19 Years of Progress in Our Present Location"

GREAT achievements come from men of great vision. Only men of vision with vivid imagination could have created the plans for a beautiful city like the one pictured above. And with that vision and imagination must go the force and conviction to make thousands of others realize the value of the ideal, for their combined efforts are necessary to carry it to completion.

Imagine the thousands and thousands of visitors coming to St. Louis through Union Station each year! What will be their impressions when they step out on Market Street, 100 feet wide, to gaze in wonderment at the beauty that extends all the way to the heart of the downtown district?

Think of the greater convenience to our own citizens with Olive Street widened to 100 feet and Clark Avenue, already 100 feet wide, opened westward, by the proposed bridge over Union Station tracks, which will come after the removal of the present train sheds. Twelfth Boulevard with its broad expanse of smooth pavement and these new, broad arteries, leading westward will

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Sunday's papers will tell a story of merchandise offerings that cover almost every human need; dependable merchandise, priced as is befitting to such a celebration, to represent the GREATEST VALUES OF THE YEAR.

This is the third and last of three articles dealing with the growth and development of the new and Greater St. Louis and the Greater Vandervoort's.

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Founded on
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SCENES OF DESTRUCTION IN ISLE OF PINES



Wreckage of homes and buildings in Neuva Gerona when hurricane struck little city, after doing much damage in Havana. Below, wreckage on waterfront. —Henry Miller photo.

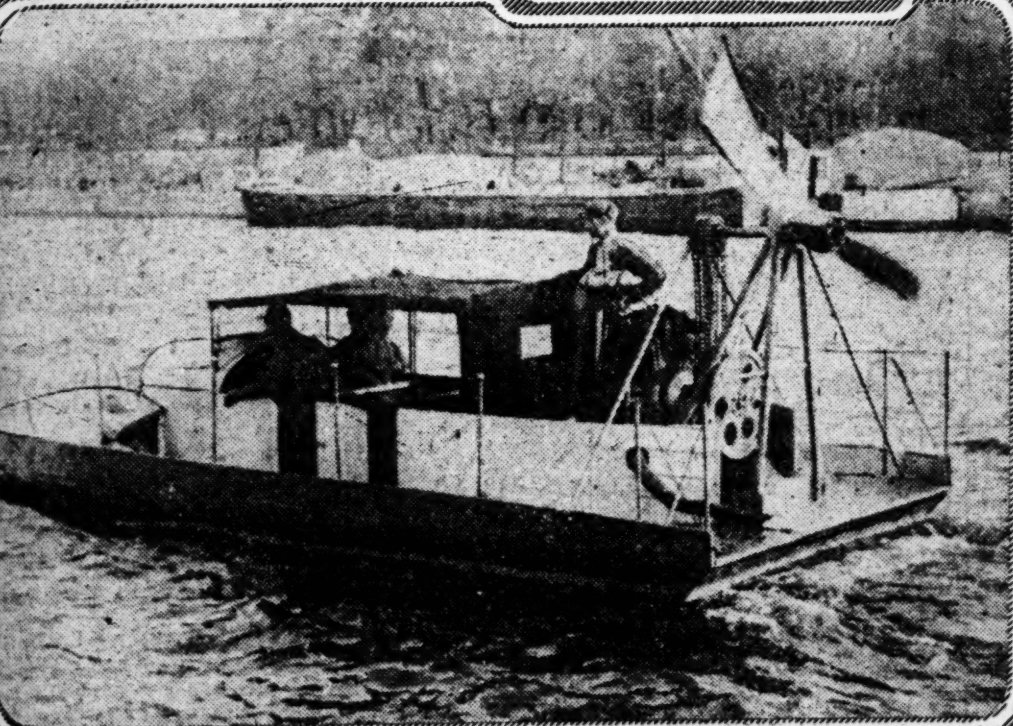


PUTS LID ON STEAMSHIP BARS



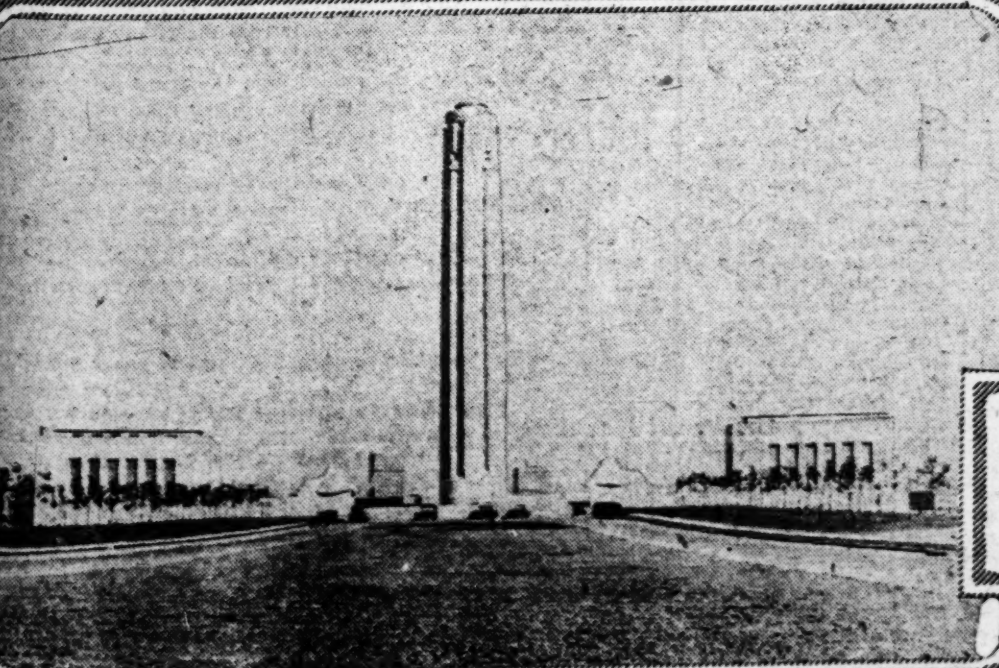
Lady Isabel Howard, wife of British Ambassador to Washington, whose complaint that English ships sold liquors in American waters, resulted in closing bars when not on high seas.

FRANCE LIKES THE SEA SLED



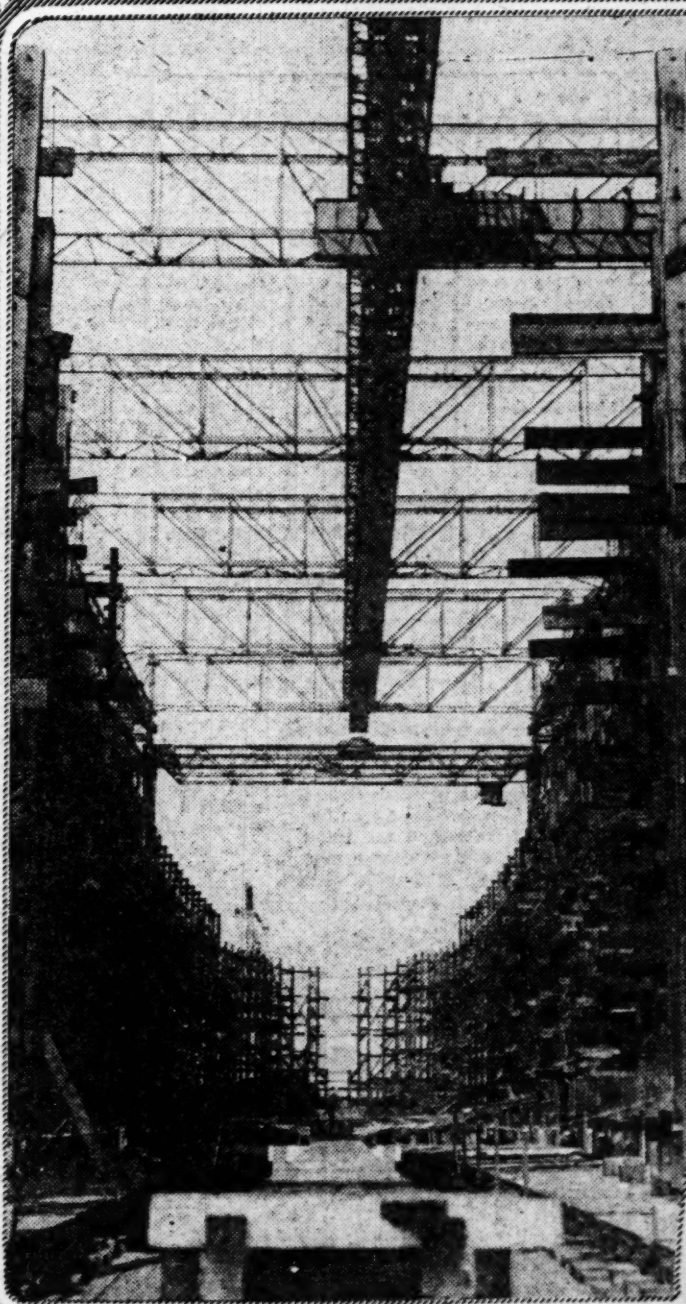
This Farman craft, propelled by airplane engine, attracted greatest attention at the recent international nautical show in Paris. —Photogram.

LIBERTY MEMORIAL SHAFT IN KANSAS CITY



This is the structure to be dedicated next week by President Coolidge. At left is the City Museum; on right, Memorial Hall. —Wide World photo.

U. S. STARTS WARGRAFT BUILDING AGAIN



Where the keel was laid, on Navy day, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for the U. S. S. Pensacola, the first capital ship construction in this country since 1921. —P. & A. photo.

JEWISH CANTOR AT WHITE HOUSE

The cantor Seidel Rovner, dean of cantors, recently presented a musical composition, written in gold notes, to President Coolidge. He will soon return to Palestine. —Wide World photo.

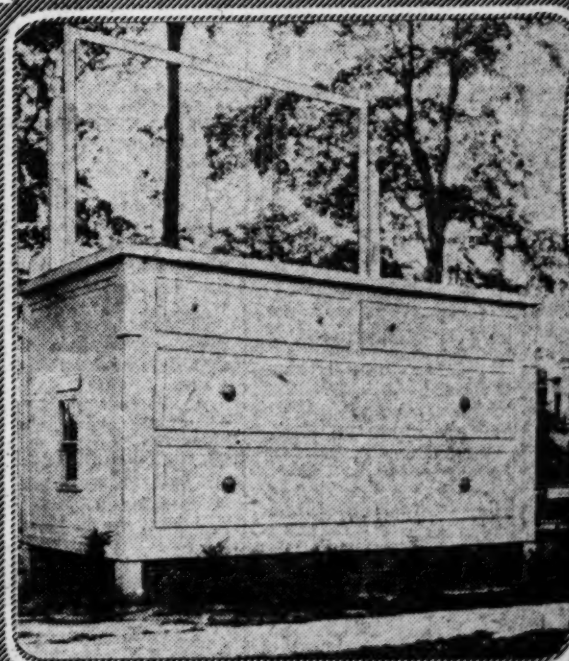
HER FIRST GLIMPSE OF NIAGARA



Queen Marie of Rumania standing at Prospect Point and gazing into the vortex of the American Falls. —Wide World photo.

BUYS HAUNTED CASTLE

TRULY A BUREAU OF INFORMATION



Down in High Point, N. C., where there are about 100 furniture factories, this structure, 27 feet by 32, and housing a clerk and secretary, now stands for the tourists to see. —P. & A. photo.

ACROSS CONTINENT LIKE THIS



Clarence Wagner, of Los Angeles, arriving in New York City after traversing the country on an old-fashioned high wheel. —P. & A. photo.

Mrs. Thomas Emmett, of London, who has just purchased Amberley Castle, in Sussex, "ghost" traditions and all. She is the wife of a grandson of the noted Dr. Emmett of New York. —Photogram.

The Unwilling Adventuress

By MILDRED BARBOUR

(Copyright, 1934.)

CAMILIA'S TRAP.
CHAPTER LXIV.

HARTLEY SR. was sitting in the gracious shade of the garden of his villa at Cannes, watching, with a tight smile, the approach of his son along the gravelled path from the gateway.

A taxi chauffeur, laden with luggage, followed him.

At the sight of his father, young Hartley smiled and changed his course, crossing the garden to the mimosa tree under which his parent took the air in a comfortable chaise longue. The young man was looking rather haggard, but he did not flinch from the stern paternal eye.

"The prodigal has returned, eh? Well, don't expect the fatted calf," Young Hartley motioned the chauffeur to proceed to the house and gave him a tip for his services. Then he flung himself down in a chair opposite his father, removed his hat and dropped it on the grass beside his chair. He grinned a shade ruefully.

"Rather, sir, I expect a good many questions."

"You'll get them," promised the old man. "What have you been up to, anyway? I've sat tight and let you go your own way with this business, but I've heard things—read a good deal more in the newspapers—and put two and two together where there was a gap. Now, out with it. Who is the girl?"

"Was the girl, rather," the young man amended, with a half smile. "His father leaned forward. "You don't mean it's true?" he asked sharply. "You don't mean there was a girl in my chateau when it burned, as the papers have hinted?"

Young Hartley shook his head. "Not when it burned. She'd got away some time before—I know that for a fact."

"Then where is she now?" "I wish I knew," said the young man with a rueful sigh. "The old man struck the ground sharply with the cane that rested beside his chair.

"Now see here, young man, no more beating about the bush and talking in riddles. Out with it! Who was the girl in this business? The girl you had in my chateau—my chateau, mind you, you inferrible young puppy? Who was the girl over whom you fought that duel?" His eyes swept the slim, clean-cut figure in the chair opposite. "You didn't get hurt, did you?" he demanded abruptly.

"Hardly. The authorities descended on us like a troupe of cavalry. But we'd already had our shots. I wasn't touched. My—er—antagonist got a bullet through his thigh—nothing serious, but he laid up for a time—I hope. Now, listen, Dad, I'll tell you the whole story straight. You don't have to worry. The duel business is all settled with the police and everything's smoothed over without too much of a scandal. I'm beastly sorry about the chateau—I'll pay you for it out of my own money, of course."

"Never mind that!" snapped the old man impatiently. "The girl—was a white elephant? The girl—the girl over whom you fought that duel?" "Who was she?" "Young Hartley leaned forward, clasped his hands between his knees and stared hard at the ground.

"She was—is—Doris," he admitted in a low voice. "What!" The exclamation was incredulous, then after a long minute of silence on his son's part, the father said:

"Then you lied when you told me that you two had obtained a divorce by mutual consent. You still care for her?"

The young man ignored the question. He went on to tell exactly what had happened: his to all intent—deliberate abduction of Doris from Paris under the pretext of taking her to say good-bye to his family, the fake telegram which had called him away, his meeting with the Count on his return and the discovery of Doris' flight, presumably with aid from the Italian, the encounter in the cafe, the challenge and the duel, which had preceded police interference by the fraction of a few seconds.

"But why, why?" fumed Hartley Sr. "If you didn't want to keep on being married to her, why did you run away with her and get yourself into this mess?"

The young man shrugged and lit a cigarette.

"It will be difficult to make you understand, but I felt responsible for Doris, somehow. She's only a child in many ways. But for me, she'd never have been alone in Paris running around innocently with a bunch of blackguards. I haven't been able to find out all I'd like to about this Count Romeo, but I do know he's a shady character. If anything could actually be pinned on him, I fancy the Secret Service of one or more governments would land on him like a ton of bricks. But he's clever. I have a hunch that he got Doris into his schemes and kept his own coat-tails clear. Anyway, there's rumor and I've seen a few things myself, that make me believe that a Secret Service chap had her under surveillance. He even traced her to the chateau. Now, I've no doubt, he believes she died in the fire, unless he's

cleverer than I and has found a trace of her."

"You mean," demanded his father incredulously, "that she's disappeared?"

"Exactly. There isn't a sign of her. Oh, she's safe enough somewhere," he amended hastily. "I got that much out of her lawyer before I came away from Paris. You can be sure of that! But she's given us all the slip and the lawyer's protecting her. I know she didn't go away with the Count, because he left Paris for Italy on a stretcher before I did. It's just that she wants to be rid of us all—and I can't do a thing about it any more."

He looked so sunk in gloom that his father made no comment, only eyes him curiously.

After a minute or so, there was the sound of feminine voices approaching from the direction of the house.

"Have you guests?" asked young Hartley uncomfortably, seeing his aunt approach with a tall, graceful woman. Then tensely: "Who is that?"

"An American woman your aunt met yesterday—seems they have a mutual friend in New York. She's staying for lunch."

Young Hartley got slowly to his feet. The tall, graceful woman approaching him was Camilla.

A POINT OF HONOR.
CHAPTER LXV.

AS the days went by Camilla became almost in residence at the Hartley villa. She had an apartment at a nearby hotel, but she so succeeded in ingratiating herself in the favor of Mrs. Cushing, the hypochondriac Howard and even Hartley Sr. that scarcely a day passed when she did not lunch or tea or dine at the villa.

Jack Hartley felt himself caught in a net, the meshes of which became stronger with each passing hour. He could not go away without making his departure look too pointed. Moreover, his father gave him to understand very firmly that he would stand for no more foolishness. He intended that his ward should remain under his guardian eye for a while. It was his price for overlooking the episode of the chateau, the duel, and the rest.

Young Hartley resigned himself to the inevitable with the best grace he could muster. He wanted Doris—and no one but Doris. Alas, her disappearance had proved beyond a doubt that she would have nothing to do with him—she had run away at the first opportunity and refused to make her whereabouts known to him. She showed plainly that she not only hated him, but she was also afraid of him.

The only consolation he had was that her marriage with the Count was off—for the time being at least. He knew that the Italian had left Paris alone, angry and discomfited. Doris had eluded him as well as Hartley and the rest of her pursuers. Hartley himself had therefore no scrap of justification in meddling further with Doris' affairs. Whatever hold the Count had had upon her, she had apparently broken it by her disappearance. She was not in danger, so her lawyer assured young Hartley.

The latter had, therefore, to accept his fate. He had to suffer in silence, finding himself out of Doris' life as summarily as he had been plunged into it.

And the lady who had forced him to the original "plunging" was there to see that he remained out.

She was very sweet and gracious about it, never referring to the past or taking him to task for his share in it. But she saw to it that he was engaged with her for hours of each sunny Riviera day and many of the lovely moonlit evenings.

A chance incident, however, forced them to a reference to the past.

Hartley, rejoining Camilla, one morning under her gay parasol on the beach, where she waited while he had his swim, found her in conversation with an acquaintance, a woman, whom he had never seen before.

As he approached, from behind Camilla's sunshade, he heard the stranger say:

"Of course I sent the wire and signed it Aunt Emily as you directed me, but my dear, I considered it awfully risky business. Now do tell me what you were up to? I've been dying to hear, but I went to Mentone directly afterward and I only just got back—"

"She!" Camilla's warning came too late.

She presented Hartley—who was looking rather flushed and angry. The strange woman, who was an American—Mrs. Conroy—chatted a few minutes and then went away.

Hartley flung himself on the sand beside Camilla.

"I couldn't help but overhear," he said quietly. "Then it was you who sent me a false telegram when I was at the chateau?"

Camilla waited for a moment. She was very disconcerted, but she relied on her cleverness to crawl out of the situation with grace.

Leaning forward, she placed a slim, pleading hand on his arm.

"Jack, dear, I'm awfully fond of you. I did what I thought was best. You were ruining yourself. You were ruining Doris too. You are too fine, too chivalrous to have

done anything willfully to hurt her. There must have been in your own mind, some very good reason for acting as you did. But the world couldn't know that. It would only judge you both by appearances."

"You know what happened—later?" he inquired, after a minute, his gaze fastened on the blue of the sea.

Camilla hesitated.

"What I hoped for happened apparently. When you were called away, Doris left the chateau. I thought she would find a way. She's rather clever, for all her naivete."

"Perhaps," he suggested deliberately, "it was also you who sent word to the Count."

She didn't answer. She, too, was looking out to sea, but he saw the crimson creep up in her cheeks.

"Do you know where she is now?" he asked.

She turned her gaze to him, smiled gently.

"I know only that she did not die in the fire as so many people seem to think."

He was silent. After a minute she spoke softly:

"Jack, dear, don't be angry with me. Don't blame me. I did it all for your sake."

He remembered bitterly when he had last had that same phrase from her—in the letter she had sent to the boat by Doris telling him that she had changed her mind about eloping with him. But he made no comment and she continued:

"Perhaps you wonder why I troubled myself so deeply?"

That half query he didn't answer either. Maybe, he thought, she had some consideration for her young cousin, although it was showing rather belatedly.

"I did it, Jack," her voice was very low, "because I love you. Oh, don't look like that, or you make me very ashamed to have admitted it. But I'm not really ashamed. I'm proud of my love. It was once strong enough to keep me from ruining your life by eloping with you when my husband was still alive. Only—it is humiliating to say it now when you seem—so different."

Again he was silent, and she gave a little, half-rueful laugh.

"Why else do you think I came here to Europe as soon as I became a widow? I thought—well, no matter. . . . But everyone else thought so, too."

"What do you mean?"

She shrugged sadly.

"All our friends—yours and mine—in New York—believe, of course, that we shall be married in Europe. They knew we loved each other—once. It seems to be Fate."

Hartley could feel the net closing around him at last—the net from which there could be no honorable escape. He had wanted her when she was married; now that she was free, he no longer wanted her.

That was the way she—and the world—would sum it up. He stood condemned as a trifler, a libertine, a cad.

No, he couldn't cut such a figure, no matter what he'd done in the past; no matter that his whole heart was given to Doris.

He couldn't have her. Therefore, he had much better compromise with duty and honor.

"Will you marry me, Camilla?" he asked quietly.

To Be Continued.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

ALL things are strange in this new land, a lonely wanderer. I stand, like the white and shining sand and strange the cloudless sky. Afar, afar the blue waves go to shores I told so dear, and as I watch their ebb and flow a song of home I hear. All things are strange around me now; the narrow, cluttered street, the great ship's lofty, lifted prow, the faces that I meet. But, ah! a welcome note at last my loneliness to greet, a scent and color from the past, that nodding spray of mignonette, what memories it brings! So dear, I find my eyes are wet with thoughts of other springs! But lately all was strange, and yet, though hard to understand, the fragrance of this mignonette makes home of alien land.

Grapefruit and Grape Salad. In making a salad for four people, select two large heavy grapefruit. Halve the fruit and remove the pulp, throw the skin in ice water after the tops have been notched with the kitchen scissors. Wash, peel and seed sufficient white grapes to make two cupsful. Mix lightly with the grapefruit, which should be in as large pieces as possible and freed from all white skin. Add the pulp of two oranges and 12 maraschino cherries drained and halved. Chill the fruit, then drain it. Moisten with enough white mayonnaise to bind the mixture, then fill lightly the dried shells. Place each on a lettuce leaf on a salad plate. Dust the tops of the salad with paprika, and garnish with a stuffed olive.

One vicious habit each year rooted out, in time might make the worst man good.—Franklin.

Candidates



"STEP right up to the boxes, ladies, and cast your vote. Here they are—bachelors of yesteryear, husbands of tomorrow. Which will you have? Banker, artist, explorer, business man, philosopher?"

It is Dame Experience speaking. Genial, wise and gracious, she sees before her flock of eager maidens the year's stock of "eligibles." With a word of counsel and caution she outlines the respective merits of her candidates and leaves the rest to Fate.

Remove Facial Blemishes

By Lucrezia Bori



LUCREZIA BORI

FACIAL blemishes always cause heart-ache to the fastidious woman, and of the several different kinds there are none so annoying as blackheads.

Many women are not aware that there are two kinds of blackhead—one kind that results from an excessive amount of oil in the skin, the other kind from a skin that lacks a sufficient amount of oil. It is with the latter I wish to deal today.

Dry skin blackheads are less serious and more easily remedied than blackheads caused by an oily skin. They usually make their appearance after several days of neglect, days in which the toilet is hurried for some unusual reason.

In explaining this more fully a few words about the care of dry skin are necessary.

Excessively dry skin needs cold cream cleansing in addition to the regular soap and water ablution. Dry skin tends to contract, thus

tightening around whatever impurities may be upon it. To open the pores so they can be cleansed entirely of impurities, a lubricant, either in the form of cold cream or olive oil, must be used daily. Thus we arrive at the remedy for dry skin blackheads, found only when the cold cream cleansings have been omitted for a few days.

First wash the face thoroughly with soap and water, using a washcloth made of Turkish toweling. Rinse all trace of soap from the skin with clear, tepid water and pat the face dry. Next apply olive oil to the affected parts, massaging it in thoroughly. Let the oil remain on for five or 10 minutes. This softens the skin, relaxes and opens the pores to such an extent that the blackheads can be eliminated merely by removing the oil with a Turkish towel.

The pores should then be closed again by dashing cold water over the face. An ice massage is also splendid for closing open pores. Simply rub a piece of ice over the skin until it tingles and glows.

A number of prepared astringents are on the market and, while they are excellent to close the pores, most of them have alcohol as a base, and alcohol is drying. That is why the simple remedy of cold water or ice is better for dry skins.

HOME-MAKING HELPS

By Wanda Barton

NEW IDEAS FOR WALLS.

If you live in an apartment the landlord worries and pays for the wall paper, but in a house you may worry yourself, but you also pay. What you pay depends on your choice of a covering. While wall paper is in the fashion paint and material coverings are also used.

A new thought in papering a paneled wall is to put a plain paper of neutral tint on every other panel, and the dividing panel is papered with an artistic trellis with roses climbing over it, a bit of old scenic paper with a garden, a far scene, or woody picture. Or maybe birds of paradise in tropical settings. Whatever is chosen it must be light and accentuate the contrast between the panels. The ceiling is tinted one of the delicate shades of the pattern, the moldings and picture rail, if painted, should follow the same color only in a slightly deeper tint than the wall. Or if it

follows the woodwork of the doors it should be freshly oiled or shell-lacked to bring up the color tone.

Another idea is to cover alternate panels with a dark and a light shade of the same color. For example, a nut brown and a warm fawn shade with brown woodwork make a delightful room, one in which all the yellow and orange colors may appear in furniture and hangings.

Many gay papers are used this season, but they should be chosen with several ideas in view. How the room is lighted and what its use, whether new furniture is to be used or if gay slips are to cover it that will go with the paper. Gay paper with shabby things does not make a smart looking room. One is apt to tire of a too gay paper if the pattern is pronounced. Take a good-sized sample home before buying, pin it up on the wall, hunt the colors up and you can soon tell whether you want to live with it or not.

Amusing the Child
By LUCY LOWELL

"HOW shall I keep my little laughter amused?" a young mother writes. "She is 3 years old and into everything. She has plenty of picture books, puzzles and dolls, but she tires of all of them in no time at all. She tries to imitate my work when I am sewing or doing beadwork."

"Is this likely to be educational for her? She is a restless little thing."

According to experts on child rearing, it is best to give a child only one plaything at a time—and to put it away the moment interest in it begins to lag. When it is brought out again it is quite new to the youngster, and therefore interesting.

An authority on child psychology advises mothers to give their little girls a piece of soft cloth with a darning needle and wool yarn when they begin to show interest in sewing.

Bead-stringing, however, wearies the active child, and the rather dull child should have something to do more stimulating to the imagination. The only sort of beads that should be given children are large, wooden ones, the small glass beads being dangerous in many ways, especially as they put a great strain upon the sight.

A little girl of 3 who is restless and "into everything" would enjoy nature study. She may be taught to scatter crumbs about the doors for the sparrows, and when she has become accustomed to them she will be ready to learn the names and something of the story of other birds which she may see on an expedition to the woods or through the park.

I know a little girl once whose most beloved plaything was a collection of dried seeds—beans, corn, wheat, peas—all the different things that come to the table in some form.

Her mother had told her the history of each from the time it is planted in the ground until it is made into bread or some other food. In this manner both observation and imagination were developed and the child never lacked amusement.

For those who prefer painted walls, which are undeniably more sanitary, there are many new ideas in dressing them. The panel idea may be carried out by having a neutral panel and a stenciled panel. There are lovely stencil designs to be had, or you may have one made according to your own drawing.

Too great refinement is false delicacy, and too great delicacy is solid refinement.—La Rochefoucauld.

Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief—
What Will Her Choice Be?

For Fate alone can bring those two together who are best suited to each other. And while Experience may dictate to the worldly-wise, the young must rely for guidance on instinct and chance.

How many of these innocent young will be beguiled into casting their vote for Money? How many of them will mistake the pomp of luxury for the gleam of character? And how many will choose the uneven-tempered artist because he is "so romantic?"

No one knows. But it is important as it seems, that happiness may be only a qualification.

The chances each one has of not knowing the right man to cast their vote are in a turn of the "Election Day" will tell.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON
By HELEN ROWLAND

OH, MR. FORD! MR. FORD!

HOLA, hola, hola, my Daughters! Arise and let us do ourselves!

For, behold, in the sky a cloud no bigger than the Henry Ford's right hand threateneth all the peace and all piness and all the marital bliss of women!

Yea, behold, the FIVE-DAY working week for men—two-day torment and affliction of women—wherewith he burden and sadden the world!

Not two marriages out of three have withstood the ONE HOLIDAY, wherein a man may hang around the house and plague and harass the woman therein!

How, then, shall ANY marriage bear up beneath the two whole days of vexation and boredom and He-man's glare?

Yea, how can any wife endure the presence of an husband for her feet for fort-eight nerve-wracking hours?

Forty-eight hours, in which to monopolize the shower, to ter the floors, and let the tube run over, and sing at his back!

To hail the friends without his gates and the stranger on the streets, and bring them home for refreshment and conversation the "tea-wagon"!

To banish the cook from the kitchen, while he prepares concoctions and violent libations.

To scatter the floors with mud and ashes, to throw his shoes into dark corners and keep the family hunting for them.

To borrow the shears, lose the screw driver, burn the draperies, drop ink upon the Persian rugs, and use the gas for cleaning the automobile engine, or washing the dishes.

To purloin tid-bits from the refrigerator and torture the nerves with constant questionings as to "when dinner will be?"

To salvage old nails and bits of string from the trash can to deliver homilies upon the horrors of extravagance and the economy.

To stay out for two whole nights at poker games!

To squander the moneys which he hath garnered all week, upon gaming and dice, and red neckties and

To keep his wife at HOME from the movies, in order that he may watch him play solitaire.

Verily, the fathers, and the solons and the wits and the of the LAND have sought vainly to devise many ways and for keeping men out of MISCHIEF upon the Sabbath. But to devise ENOUGH ways to keep any man out of evil for 24 hours!

SELAH.
(Copyright, 1934.)

The Man on the Sandbox

by

L. Davis



THE PASSING SHOW.

NOW, out of life some people take the joy. Their aim in life is simply to annoy. And while it's peaceful almost everywhere, The war's still on in dear old Illinois. The over-sea boys, laying down their arms, Returned to factories, offices and farms; But, where bootlegging factions can't agree, The streets re-echo still with war's alarms. The scientists are tuning in on MARS And holding conversation with the stars; Which indicates that in the Stellar League The bamboo pipe is battling for cigars. While their integrity we'd not impugn, It sounds a bit like static from the moon; No doubt the famous Man residing there, Will broadcast bedtime stories to us soon. We'll then tune in upon the Milky Way To get the market price of curds and whey; Then after Little Dipper's off the air We'll hear what Major Ursus has to say.

A BONER.
"Queen Marie gives \$1500 in tips to 150." However, we take it that \$100 tips will not become prevalent.—The Man on the Sandbox.
Your English is perfect but your mathematics are awful.—Clinton B. Haines.
A mere figure of speech, old son. We've been writing so much about prize fight and world series profits that we just can't make our oaths behave. Thanks for the sleigh ride.
A visiting evangelist urges Rogers Hornsby for President of the United States. At that, we believe Rogers could carry St. Louis, even on the Democratic ticket.
And it is a cinch that he could carry Texas. However, as he would probably lose the entire Yankee vote of the East, we doubt that he would go over.
See where 38 dry-law breakers were jailed in two days. Now, how about landing a few murderers?
The man on the sandbox says Uncle Sam's marines and soldiers might as well be employed in guarding the mails as lying around the barracks eating their heads off. They probably prefer it, too.
Now that the President can fire 'em as well as hire 'em, the demon officeholder will have to watch his P's and Q's as well as his G. O. P.'s.
"Prohibition Needs Only Time to Win, Dry Leader Says."
And never let it be said that they're not taking their time about it.

ELLA CINDERS—By BILL CONSELMAN AND CHARLIE PLUMB



I'M GETTING SO I CAN FIB WITHOUT BLUSHING! I MIGHT ME TELLING THE DIRTY DUO THAT I KNEW RUSTY GUDGEON! I BLUSH TO THINK OF IT!



I JUST KNEW HIM TO MAKE THEM STOP TEASING—AND BOY, THEY SHUT UP LIKE UMBRELLAS! I WOULDN'T KNOW RUSTY FROM ADAM EVEN IF ADAM WORE A FOOTBALL SUIT!

News travels faster than oiled radio waves—the telewoman system spread the report that Ella knew Rusty Gudgeon, and



SINCE RUSTY GUDGEON IS SUCH A GOOD FRIEND OF YOURS, MISS CINDERS, WE WANT YOU TO HAVE HIM ATTEND OUR CLUB BANQUET AFTER THE GAME.

NOW SHE'S IN A FIX! It just shows what happens when little girls tell stories! How will she get out of it?

BRINGING UP FATHER—By GEORGE McMANUS



WELL, I GOT RID OF THAT DIAMOND NECKLACE, BUT I CERTAINLY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO IT BELONGS TO!



I LEFT THAT NECKLACE IN MR. CASH BAG'S HOUSE, BUT IT ISN'T HIS! I DON'T CARE, IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS—NOW I MUST GET RID OF THAT OVER COAT!

IT CERTAINLY IS STRANGE—NO ONE CLAIMS IT!



GRACIOUS! WHAT IS IT?

COME HERE, MAGGIE!



THERE'S A DIAMOND BRACELET IN THE OTHER POCKET!

HORRORS!

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY—By FONTAINE FOX

THE SKIPPER'S WATCHFUL EYE AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECOVERY OF OVER HALF THE STUFF THE KIDS CARRY OFF ON HALOWEEN



"I'M JUST GOIN' UP TO MAKE CERTAIN IF THAT'S ZEKE RIDLEY'S FRONT GATE SO'S I CAN TELL HIM WHERE T COME AND GET IT"

KRAZY KAT—By HERRIMAN



SAY, WHAT'S THIS IDEA OF ALL THIS 'BLINDNESS'—HEY?

A FORTUNE TELLER SAID I'D FALL IN LOVE WITH KRAZY KAT THE NEXT TIME I LOOKED AT HIM—



OH, I SEE—AND I DON'T SEE—SEE?

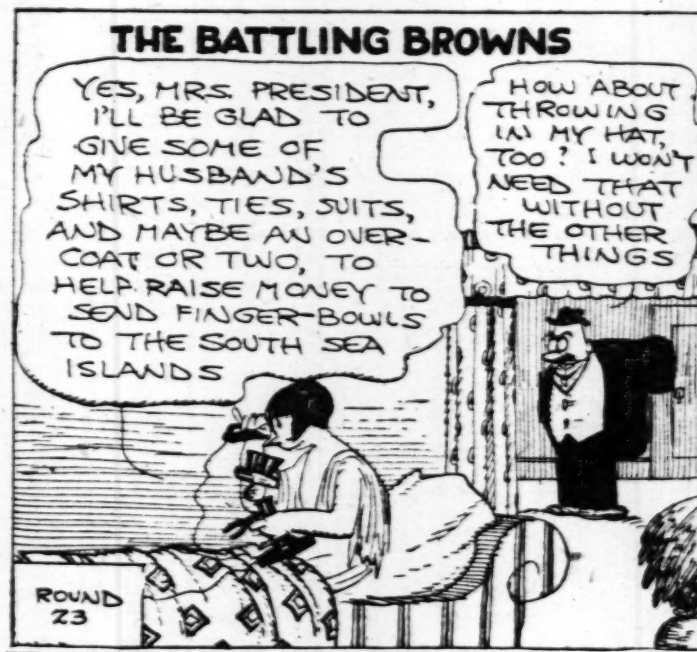
A PERSON IN LOVE IS AS BLIND AS A SET OF GLASS EYES DON'T TELL ME—I KNOW



AND WHAT'S MORE I'M GOING TO STAY BLIND—

OOY, GREATER LOVE, HATHETH NO 'MICE'—LIL' KRAZY KAT!

CARTOON FOLLIES OF 1926—By RUBE GOLDBERG



YES, MRS. PRESIDENT, I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE SOME OF MY HUSBAND'S SHIRTS, TIES, SUITS, AND MAYBE AN OVER-COAT OR TWO, TO HELP RAISE MONEY TO SEND FINGER-BOULDS TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

HOW ABOUT THROWING IN MY HAT, TOO? I WON'T NEED THAT WITHOUT THE OTHER THINGS



REVOLUTION HAS BROKEN OUT—LOOK OUT, KING—YOUR THRONE IS TOTTERING!

SHE SAID, "I CAN'T GO OUT TONIGHT, I'VE GOT A THING TO WEAR"—I SAID, "THEN YOU'LL BE RIGHT IN STYLE, SO, DEARIE, YOU SHOULD CARE!"



WHAT'S THAT—I'M INVITED TO A BRIDGE PARTY ON THE SEVENTH? THANKS—I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO COME

I'VE GOT A WEEK TO THINK UP A GOOD EXCUSE—I'LL BE OUT OF TOWN OR BREAK A LEG OR LOSE A RELATIVE

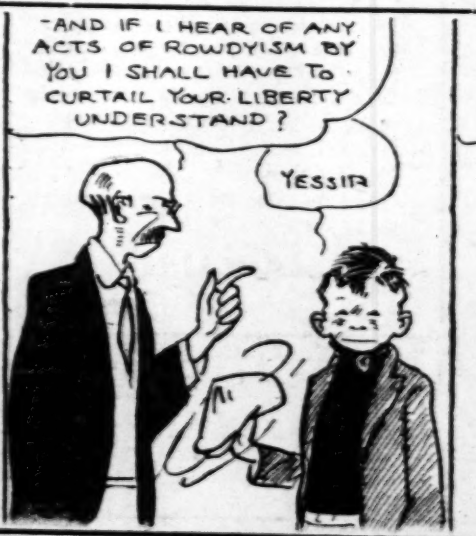
WHAT HE THOUGHT

TEDIOUS PASTIMES (WAITING FOR DAD TO FINISH A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE)



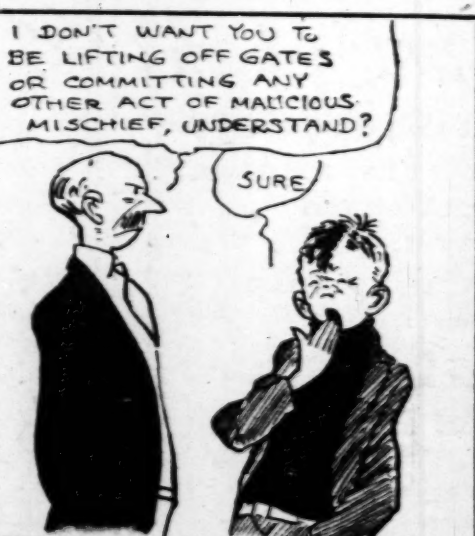
NOW IF I ALLOW YOU TO GO OUT TONIGHT I WANT YOU TO PROMISE TO BE HOME BY TEN—UNDERSTAND?

UH-HUH



—AND IF I HEAR OF ANY ACTS OF ROWDYISM BY YOU I SHALL HAVE TO CURTAIL YOUR LIBERTY—UNDERSTAND?

YESSIR



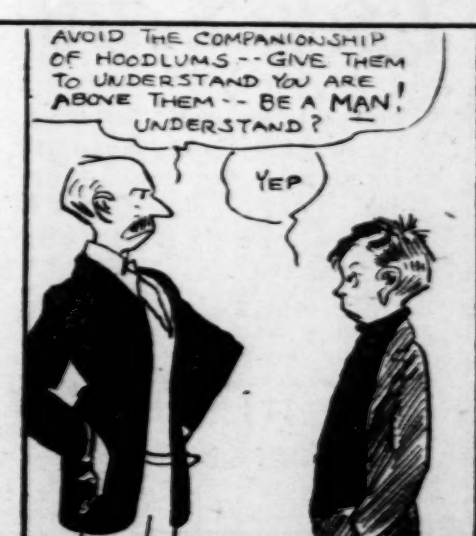
I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE LIFTING OFF GATES OR COMMITTING ANY OTHER ACT OF MALICIOUS MISCHIEF, UNDERSTAND?

SURE



REMEMBER TO BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN AND TO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE TO YOUNGER BOYS—UNDERSTAND?

UH-HUH



AVOID THE COMPANIONSHIP OF HOODLUMS—GIVE THEM TO UNDERSTAND YOU ARE ABOVE THEM—BE A MAN! UNDERSTAND?

YEP



BE IN BY TEN O'CLOCK—UNDER—

AA-HH